THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

HERBERT HOOVER'S outstanding services to the world have been in the organizing and administering of relief on an enormous scale. Heretofore, in Belgium, Russia, Central and Eastern Europe, he has done his work and quietly retired. The crisis—war, famine—was over and there was nothing more to be done. But in the Mississippi Delta he has an unparalleled opportunity for preventive work. Flood control must come by act of Congress, on recommendation of the administration. There is sharp division of opinion as to how far to go. No other man's opinion will count so much as Mr. Hoover's. The flood has broken open the whole question of conservation of natural resources and Herbert Hoover, who is an engineer and a man of vision, may, if he will, be the speaker for the affirmative in the debate as to whether we shall patch the leak or build an enduring and socially valuable roof.

WILL IRWIN was with Mr. Hoover in Belgium, as a member of the executive committee of the Commission for Relief. He has been a war correspondent on every front, a writer of articles, fiction, verse, plays and books. He saw the Sugar Bowl of Louisiana under water and writes of the flood from that first-hand experience. Page 358.

JOHN M. PARKER was chairman of the Louisiana State Reconstruction Commission during the dark days when one section of his state after another was going under water. He has been, from a national viewpoint, the best known citizen of Louisiana. He has run for governor and for vice-president on the Progressive ticket and was elected governor as a Democrat. He was federal food administrator for Louisiana during the war and has been president of the Mississippi Valley Association, the New Orleans Board of Trade and the Cotton Exchange. After a lifetime spent in cotton and public work he has retired to his plantation near Baton Rouge. Page 359.

ARTHUR KELLOGG is the managing editor of The Survey. Page 360.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT began his study of forestry in Europe, just after his graduation from Yale. He is still at it. His most outstanding services have been rendered as forester and chief of division of the Forest Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, as president of the National Conservation Association and as chairman of the National Conservation Commission. He is one of the few men who have carried over into these indifferent times the eager zest for conservation which had its great flowering under President Roosevelt. Page 367.

J. RUSSELL SMITH is professor of economic geography at Columbia University and the author of many volumes, of which North America is perhaps the best known. Geography, as Professor Smith teaches and practices it, is a very practical and human matter of forests and soils and rainfall and the development of new sources of food, such as nut-bearing trees; and the substitution of their culture for the attempts at general farming which have wasted the mountain and hillsides of the Mississippi Basin. Page 370.

ANNE ROLLER draws from her long experience in social work for the short story—a prize-winner, which is her first fiction to be published. Page 379.

JOSEPH K. HART is an associate editor of The Survey. His most recent book, just from the press of Harold Vinal, is Prophet of a Nameless God. Page 384.

DONALD B. ARMSTRONG is assistant secretary of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in charge of the health service of the Welfare Division, whence he chiefly draws the material for his article on page 386. He was executive officer of the widely known Framingham, Massachusetts, Community Health and Tuberculosis Demonstration.

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HERBERT HOOVER

Belgium, Germany, Russia, the Near East, the Bottom Lands

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THE SURVEY
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Four Stages of the Flood

SECRETARY HOOVER has divided the Mississippi flood into four stages: rescue from flooded homes, exile in refugee camps, reconstruction, flood prevention. The rescue work has been done. The exile is over for most of the refugees. The story of these first stages was told by Arthur Kellogg in his first-hand article, Behind the Levees, in the June issue of Survey Graphic. It is epitomized on the page following by Will Irwin who, as a war correspondent, had in the background of his mind the memories of devastated France.

IN rescue and in exile, the work has been done by the Mississippi Flood Committee, appointed by President Coolidge with Mr. Hoover as chairman, which has proved to be a Red Cross operation on an unprecedented scale, reenforced by the active work and the continued presence in the flooded district of Mr. Hoover, and valuable help from five federal departments.

This has been the greatest piece of mass-relief ever undertaken in this country. One hundred and thirty camps together cared for as many people as live in San Francisco or Pittsburgh, with very little sickness and with only one epidemic—smallpox found on a rescue boat on its way to camp and held down to the original twenty cases.

REHABILITATION — or reconstruction, as Mr. Hoover calls it, to give a new and friendly content to a word which has had no friends in the South—is actively under way. The program is to put people back as nearly as possible where they were when the flood came. It calls into action some newly created agencies, state commissions and county committees, and it distinguishes sharply among those who are in need of relief, those who are in need of employment, and those who are in need of credit. The program stops at the point where people can make shift for themselves. Is that enough? Should it not be broadened in the direction of insurance, or indemnity, through which not only the pressing needs but also the losses of the victims of the flood will be made good in a calamity for which we all share responsibility? Should we be content even with putting things back where they were? Or should the flood and the great popular interest in it be employed as a lever by which the social life of this backward district might be given a lift; the flood turned into an asset, a better life built on the silt it has left over the bottom lands? These aspects of reconstruction in the Delta are discussed in a second article by Arthur Kellogg in this issue.

THE final stage, flood prevention, must await the meeting of Congress, reports of engineers, public hearings and the adoption of either a narrow and risky program of levee-building, attempting to make a safe canal of the waters of a continent near their outlet, or a more statesmanlike study and program for the whole situation such as Governor Pinchot and Professor Smith outline on other pages. This is undoubtedly a national problem. It can be turned to national account by a plan which would not only prevent floods but would tend to conserve the two remaining unspent natural resources of the nation—soil and water-power. As it is, we not only pour out into the Gulf our unused waters but we let them carry off the good topsoil of the Middle West. Surely, soil and water can be used for something better than making mud.

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The Aftermath—Mud and Money

By WILL IRWIN

THE Mississippi Flood of 1927 is over. As I write, the diminished crest is draining into the Gulf. From Cairo to Atchafalaya Bay, the refugees are crawling back to their stinking, soggy homesteads, are trying to salvage what they can from the oozy muck. The first stage of public concern in this matter—rescue of human and animal life—is finished. The magnificently elastic organization built up by Secretary Hoover has wrought its miracle. It has warned out or moved out, encamped and fed, perhaps a half-million refugees; and with an average loss of life—since it took hold—of about one in one hundred thousand. This is a far smaller toll than automobiles would have taken had life gone on as usual in the Mississippi Basin. The Red Cross has scotched the two epidemics which always threaten in such emergency—typhoid fever and smallpox. Without doubt, in the period of emergency the Red Cross lowered the mortality rates of the southern states.

Humanity they saved—children, women and men first. With domestic animals, they accomplished less. To get a horse from a flood-besieged levee takes a special kind of craft. He is bulky, too; he occupies the space of eight or ten human beings. A cow is perhaps out at pasture when disaster strikes. Caught, she may develop panic, grow utterly unmanageable. To disinfect the carcasses which lie rotting in forests and pasture-lands between Cairo and the Gulf, the Red Cross is shipping in lime compounds by the carload.

Faced by these two necessities—humans and animals—the Hoover organization had little time or energy for saving property and possessions. Indeed, in the brief period of the emergency, all the transport of the Mississippi Valley could scarcely have carted away the stocks in the stores and warehouses, the machinery both fixed and movable, the thousand and one implements of daily use which civilization calls necessities.

The inhabitants themselves might have salvaged a good deal more of their portable goods but for one trait of human nature which everywhere complicated rescue-work. Part of them showed a lack of imagination or an excess of hope. Their district going under water? No sir. It had never been inundated before. It wasn't going to be now. They didn't propose to listen to a lot of knockers. Common prudence became cowardice. Spite of frantic warnings from the state authorities, from Hoover, from the levee engineers, they hung on. And next, they were signalling from the top of a levee for boats. Often where circumstances permitted, the men stayed behind to rush furniture into the second story, hoping that the water would not reach so far. But in general, except for non-corrosible goods like glass and crockery, the possessions of the inhabitants are ruined; and their homes are either transformed into waste timber, or badly damaged. Railroads, highways, public utilities, public works of every kind, face the necessity for repairs which will cost many, many millions.

Only one who has sailed across new lakes twenty miles long overlying farms, homesteads and hamlets, who has seen broken levees drop cataracts on the houses below them, can understand the nature of this unprecedented calamity; and even his imagination cannot grasp its extent.

But this is over; the hard pull back to normal has commenced. The disaster workers of the Red Cross have moved out of the northern districts, and gone on to stricken Louisiana, which bore the brunt. In their place, work another set of officials whose business it is to break up the camps, get the inhabitants back on the land and provide immediate necessities, such as seed. The Basin will not lose its entire production this year. In areas where the waters drain off, the farmers will get a short crop, of vegetables if nothing else. In other districts, however, the great lakes will lie over the fields until evaporation does its work, which may not be until next year.

EVEN ahead of the floods, Hoover was arranging with the state and federal authorities and the banks for a system of guaranteed credits through which the farmers may begin to restore the land, the merchants to replenish their stocks. This, it seems, will carry the Basin through the winter. Generally, the inhabitants have shown the brighter side of that same sturdiness which made them stick so long to their habitations. Hoover has said that they do not want charity or subsidies; only the credit which will set them on their feet. All the leaders to whom I talked confirmed this attitude. The necessity for easement of their burdens may arise next year; but they will struggle through the winter. Calling a special session of Congress might have served only to muddle the situation. Especially so, since nothing could have restrained some of our elected representatives from trying to get immediate and premature action on the great problem of the future as concerns this region—making safe the Mississippi.

The levee system as begun nearly a century ago and generally improved since, has failed—grant that. It broke down partly through flaws engendered by its haphazard history, but mainly because no one ever believed such a flood possible. The river fooled us. Until the returns are all in, until the data has undergone the slow process of coordination and interpretation, we shall not know in scientific terms exactly what happened. Still less can any detached person—even the best hydraulic engineer—choose fairly between the spillway schemes, the reserve reservoir schemes, the enlarged-levee schemes, now filling the mouths of persons who do not begin to know what they are talking about. This premature agitation serves only one purpose; it may keep us at white heat of zeal until, the river engineers having compiled their data and spoken, Congress takes the matter up. For it has to be done; and we are faced with the perplexing question of who will pay for it. This last involves a multitude of special and local interests and conflicts. Mechanically, the job seems almost as great as construction of the Panama Canal. That, however, involved no specially difficult problems of internal politics. This does.

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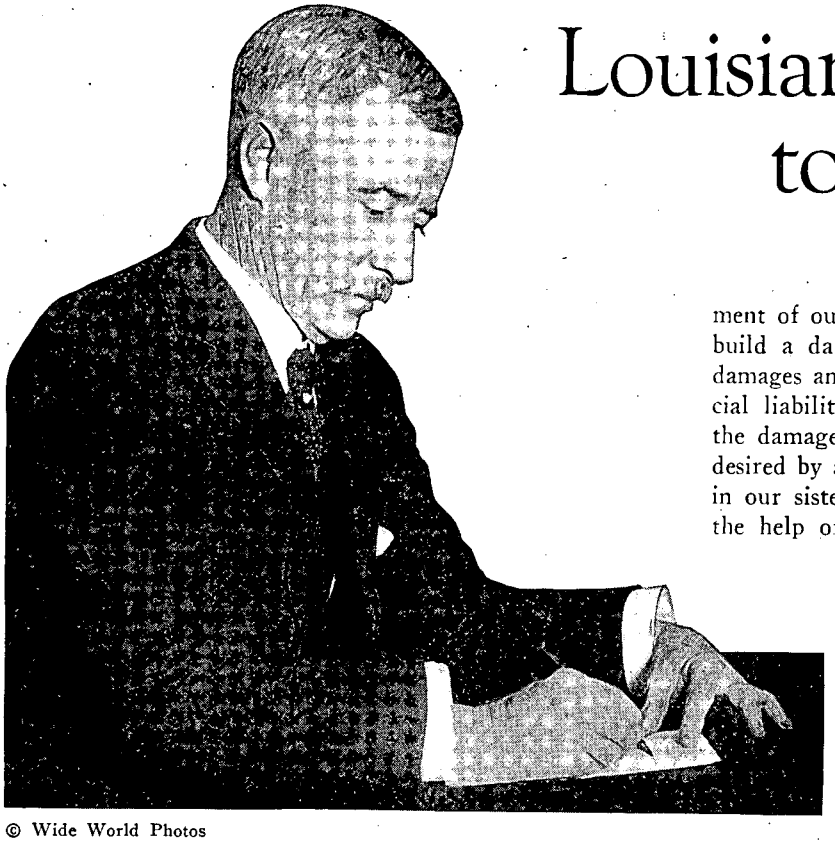
Louisiana Looks to Washington

By JOHN M. PARKER



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Ex-Governor John M. Parker of Louisiana

THERE is no question that the Mississippi Valley represents the most fertile and productive section in the world. Its prosperity and the safety of its inhabitants is a matter in which the people of the entire United States are deeply and vitally interested. This Valley alone could produce every commodity necessary to feed and clothe the nation. Without holding post mortems over past conditions, the nation should look forward to protecting this great garden spot forever from the danger of overflow.

The breaking up of the great farms is a certainty. Nowhere else can the small farmer find a more pleasant and profitable occupation than in this territory with its mild climate, wonderful soil and great possibilities in every known variety of agriculture, poultry-raising, dairying and other industries necessary for the public welfare and so ideally situated for the health and happiness of those farmers and their families, the latter largely to form the future of America.

Every thinking person will realize that sectional lines are wiped out for all time and that the man from the North, the East, or the West coming here will be cordially welcomed. The independent self-respecting Caucasian, seeking to make his home happy and contented, taking advantage of our splendid system of schools, highways and churches, will not only be attracted to this country but will learn to love it as do those among us who have been fighting against heavy odds caused by the fact that our troubles are due to no carelessness on our part but largely to deforestation, tile drainage and the hurling at us in an irresistible flood of the waters of our thirty sister states between the Appalachians and the Rockies.

Our appeal for absolute control by the national government of our levees is a matter of fairness and justice. If I build a dam and impound the waters, and it breaks and damages another, the courts have repeatedly fixed the financial liability on me—that is, on the party responsible for the damage. But it would be not only impossible but not desired by any of us to go to the courts against those people in our sister states who are improving their property with the help of engineers and thereby hurting us when those waters break loose. It is the belief of a great many of us in the lower Mississippi Valley that if the facts were properly put before them the national government would not only assume absolute control of our levees but that this action would meet with the overwhelming approval of the American people.

Sitting in my office yesterday three delegations called from the parishes of St. Landry, Iberia and Avoyelles, which were threatened with a break in the levee. Many of these people had been my personal friends for years. After two seasons of crop failure, they now have one of the most satisfactory prospects in years. They came in, some with drawn faces showing emotion, telling how their corn is more than knee-high, others of their cotton branching out beautifully, their rice crops fine and their sugar cane growing rapidly with a splendid stand. They came to make a plea for help to save them, because if this disaster should follow two years of depression it would mean eternal ruin.

These sections are occupied by some of the thriftiest and most patriotic people in America, who own their own homes, small farms which furnish their every need and leave them ordinarily a surplus. They have never begged. They do not want charity. They are noted for their fidelity in meeting their obligations. If disaster should come now their only salvation would be in securing funds to be repaid over a term of years to enable them to repair and put their property in shape for another crop. [A week after this was written the three parishes mentioned were six feet under water.—Editor]

Ordinary floods in our country have been borne with stoicism. In 1922 no requests were made for contributions. But with the untoward conditions of this year and disaster after disaster crowding upon us, positive assurance should be given us that the United States government will meet its obligation to protect lives and property; and take immediate steps toward that end that will enable us again to go to work with renewed vigor in the certainty that with government control and construction of levees the entire Mississippi Valley will become the garden spot of America.

Don't invest our funds in the Old World. Place them with our own people where they will prove a blessing, ensure their rapid recovery and earn the everlasting thanks of those whose lives and investments will be made safe.

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Up from the Bottom Lands

By ARTHUR KELLOGG

THE Mississippi Delta is the bottom of the United States. The bottom lands from Cairo to the Gulf have been built up one painful inch upon another from the alternate flooding and drying of an uncontrolled river. More, the people of the bottoms, excepting those of New Orleans and the other cities, the planters and occasional odd groups like the Acadians of Louisiana, are, in the mass, a population of Americans definitely below the national standard of living. They are sick, not only in the sense that all of us are sick from time to time; they are plagued with diseases which the rest of us have more or less thrown off. Not only are they poor, they are in debt, and they are in debt in such a way that they are bound to the land by their debts; landlords and tenants, white and black alike, in the mass they are peons. They are illiterate, so much so that as a visitor to the refugee camps during the flood I was at once struck with the absence of bulletins and learned that all notices and even the simple rules of the camp must be made known by word of mouth. They are the victims of a one-crop agriculture; the results of their year's work may hang on the word of far-off bankers, on a war in Europe, on a market centering in another continent, on competition newly sprung up in four continents, on the buying power of the English pound.

WELL, WHEN IT RAINS ITS TOO WET TO FIX IT AND WHEN IT'S DRY WE DONT NEED A ROOF
GOVERNMENT
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY POPULATION
PERIODICAL FLOODS

Cartoon by Knott, in the Dallas News

The shiftless attitude of the past

For two months the flood has thrown the plight of these Americans onto the front pages of every newspaper in the country, a panorama of printer's ink and pictures as long as the Delta itself and quite like it—a black-and-white ribbon of suffering. The people of the country have given eagerly for flood relief. The next step is to discover what may be done by way of permanent improvement after the sixteen-million-dollar relief fund has been spent, what agencies have the entree to the field and how they may bring to bear their resources and experience in a way to lift the Delta civilization toward that good life which it is our reasonable ambition to make possible for all people in the United States.

Foremost among such agencies is the Red Cross, which has been on the ground since early April over a territory six hundred miles long and has earned the active good will of the whole population. It has the advantage of a continuing organization; its local chapters, usually on a county basis, are ready to carry on after the disaster relief workers, the surgeons and nurses from headquarters have finished their task and moved on to meet other disasters.

The Red Cross has inevitably proved an educationally disruptive factor in the old bottom life, perhaps second only to the flood itself. It has had in its camps for from four to six weeks a total of almost six hundred thousand people, of whom the great majority have been tenant farmers and farm laborers and their families, most of them Negroes. It has vaccinated more than one hundred thousand of them in spite of their misgivings that the permission of "the boss" ought first to be obtained; it has shot three hundred thousand for typhoid. It has fed them good food, in some cases against the protests of planters who feared they would go back home dissatisfied with the old victuals. It has admitted to the camps lecturers and preachers and singers and recreation leaders, many from Negro colleges, who have talked with them about better ways of living: how to screen against malaria and to avoid typhoid, how to grow vegetables and what vegetables to plant for a varied diet. On leaving camp every family has been given packets of quick-growing vegetable seed and with instructions about planting so that in a few weeks in this hot, moist country there may be fresh food of a variety which perhaps has never been eaten there before. That, too, displeases some of the planters, for they want every foot of ground planted to cotton—"Cotton to the doorstep"—and they want the tenants to buy food from the plantation store. It is a common sight to see farmers buying sweet potatoes and corn at the store in a country where both can grow almost without cultivation.

There have been no epidemics in the camps, but the usual number of cases of measles, mumps and the like came in with the refugees, and there have been more than the ex-

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pected number of births in a population of 600,000, for the excitement of the flood has brought many premature babies into the world.

ALL of these contacts and the daily inspection by surgeons and nurses have been turned to good educational account. Now for a time these by-products of flood relief will reach into the homes of the refugees. One hundred and fifty-eight of the Red Cross visiting nurses, of whom twenty-five are Negro women, have been assigned to a month's follow-up work, professionally under the state and local health officers, administratively and financially under the Red Cross, cooperatively with any visiting nurses already in the field. There will be at least one to each flooded county of Missouri, Arkansas and Mississippi, with Louisiana, last of the states to go under water, probably to be added on the same basis. The immediate program, as outlined by the director of the Red Cross Public Health Service, Elizabeth G. Fox, is to fend against malaria, typhoid and dysentery, which might easily break out into epidemics in a country of mosquitoes, slowly drying mud, dead animals and flooded outhouses.

The instructions to the nurses emphasize the need of completing the inoculations against typhoid to the point where possibly the whole population over five years of age may be protected, screening against mosquitoes, boiling milk and drinking water. Again educational work is emphasized. Every act, every word of a nurse is educational among a people where patent medicine and old wives' tales are the usual family health program; where, for instance, I saw a mother drop the nipple from her baby's bottle on the earth floor, step on it in reaching to pick it up, and put it back on the bottle unwashed with no more thought than if it had been the scissors she had dropped. Here, even a near-sighted layman can see, a Red Cross nurse is worth her weight in gold—yes, and the 1,728 pounds of her flivver. Her influence, her example, her competent, uniformed entrance into an unpainted cabin are the beginning of health and child-care and the ABC's of a program of education among grown-ups who cannot read. The Red Cross will miss an opportunity for service—which would not be characteristic of the Red Cross—if it does not keep its nurses regularly at work in the whole flood area until such a time, probably not earlier than the sale of the next cotton crop, as the local chapters can take over the expense.

Likewise, the surgeons and sanitary inspectors of the United States Public Health Service should be kept on the job until the state and local departments of health can take over the cost. The whole health program should be based on the principle of meeting needs; not of holding back and waiting until a stricken country can afford the measure of health work common to more prosperous districts. These health workers should not only follow up on the usual sanitary lines and on the anti-malaria campaigns so admirably conducted under the stimulation of the International Health Board, but they should have an eye to other diseases ever-present in the Delta, such as syphilis. And they might well remember that occasional outbreaks of smallpox in the North can often be traced to newcomers from the South—fleeing from floods and carrying their infections with them.

Beside the Red Cross, the other basic organization in the reconstruction stage is the Reconstruction Commission appointed in each state by the governor at the suggestion of Mr. Hoover. These two organizations appoint a County Committee in each county and select its chairman. The County Committee will hereafter be the active agency—the place where men of all ranks will go to make known all of their needs. It will administer the relief, find the employment, advise on the credit. Interestingly enough, as it turns out, the county committees are almost identical in membership with the local Red Cross chapters. The plan back of the county committees' work is outlined in a memorandum drawn up by Mr. Hoover and James L. Fieser, vice-chairman of the Red Cross, of which the substance is given in the following paragraph:

> The reconstruction must be based: a, on credit; b, on employment; c, on relief. The first principle of reconstruction is to exclude those who can wholly help themselves; second, to aid by loan those who have a basis of credit; third, to secure employment for those who can be gotten work; fourth, to give relief where required. Loans are available from the Agricultural Finance Corporation on reasonable terms for crop-raising and other legitimate purposes. There will be available employment in the industrial and utility reconstruction; relief is available from the American National Red Cross on the principle that relief shall be based upon need arising directly from the flood, and not upon loss, that it shall give relief to the destitute only, to enable them to reach self-support, and that this shall be upon an individual and family basis.

Agricultural Finance Corporations have been organized in Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana. Subscriptions to their stock, issued as debentures, have been secured in the South to a total of $1,750,000. A similar amount has been arranged for in the North, through the Chamber of Commerce of the United States as a result of the efforts of Mr. Hoover and upon invitation of President Coolidge. The paper of the finance corporations will be rediscounted by the intermediate credit banks in the Federal Farm Loan Bureau of the Treasury Department at the ratio of three or four times their paid-in capital. Thus through the use of an existing federal device for farm credits, the subscriptions of $3,500,000 for flood credits will be turned into

A club member and his animated text-book

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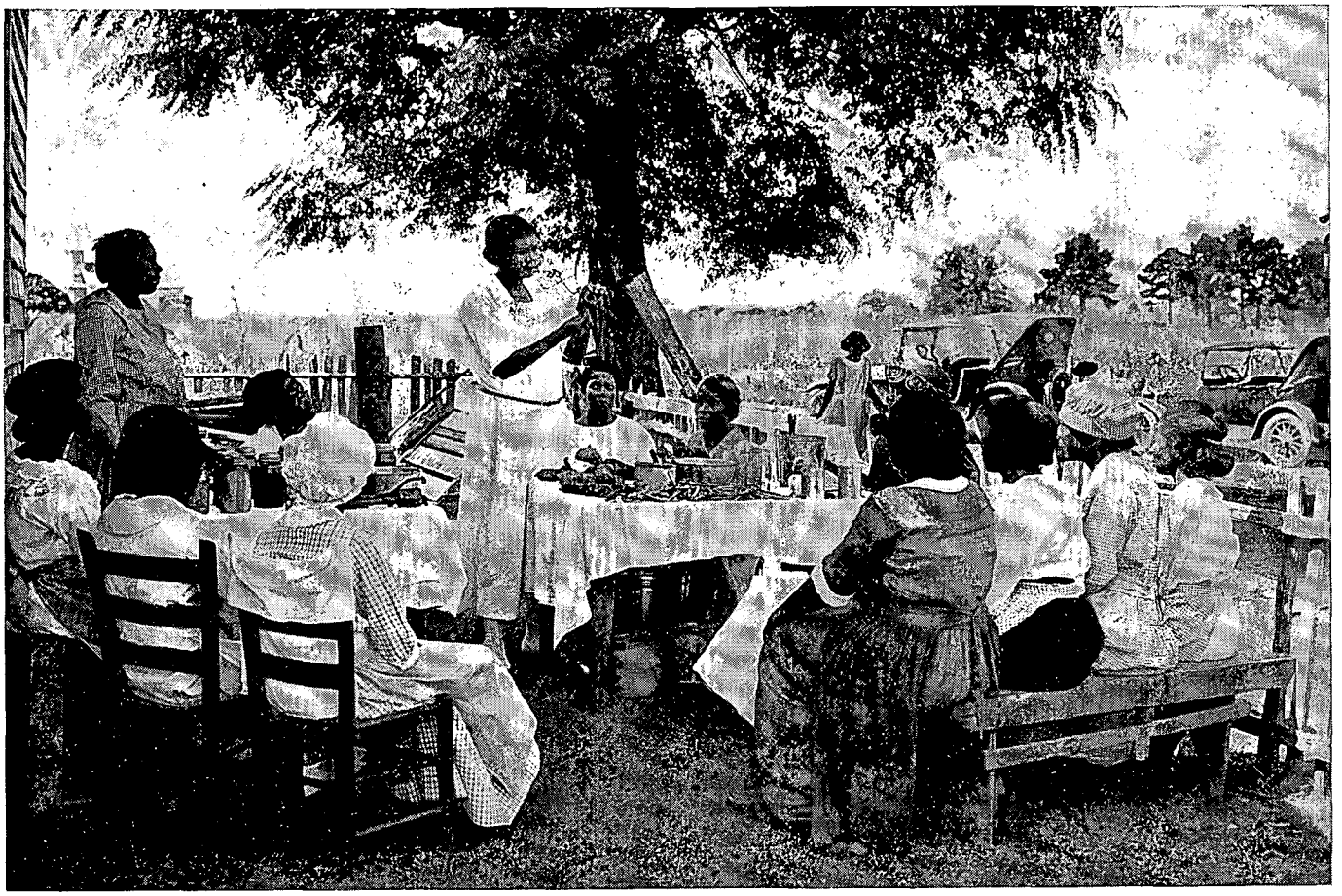
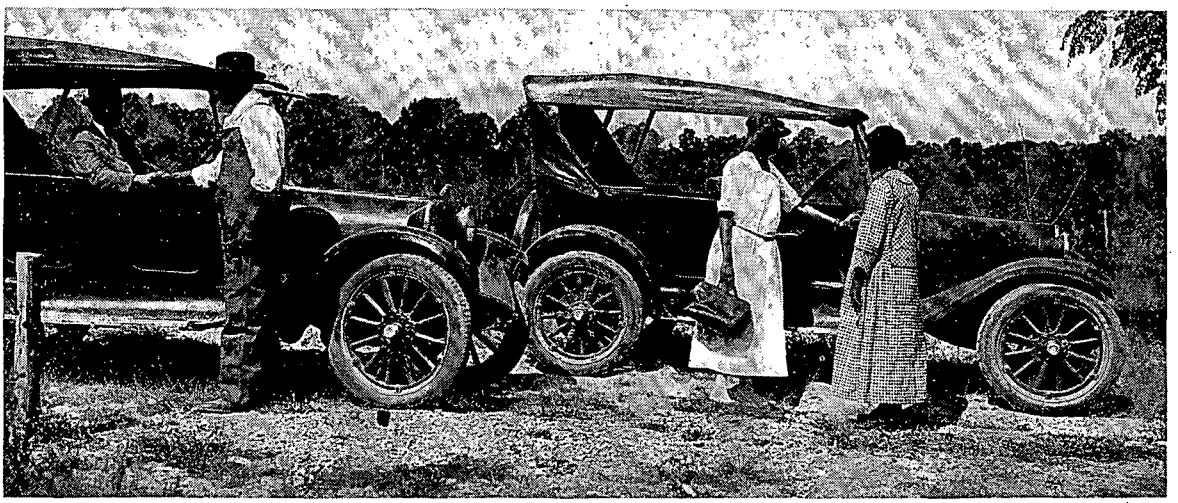


Demonstrating ways of canning surplus food for winter use or for sale

Education from the Bottom Up



Farm and home demonstration agents have the prestige of graduation from a Negro college. Among simple folk they follow Dr. Knapp's formula: "The average man, like the crow, cannot count more than three. Do the next thing."

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Baby clinic held in the open air at the home of a Negro farmer

something over ten million dollars. Brought down to earth and into the pockets of a farmer's overalls, this takes the form of a loan at a local bank in return for a note secured by a mortgage on the crop or the farm, running until October 1, with interest at 6 per cent until maturity and at 8 per cent thereafter.

Eight per cent—or more—is the usual legal rate of interest in the South. The interest rates seem very high. To relieve victims of a flood, why shouldn't they have been low, or nothing at all? It has been repeatedly stated, but not officially confirmed, that Mr. Hoover tried very hard to secure lower rates but was unable to do so. The South is used to high interest rates, it has less credit and fewer credit facilities than other parts of the country, it realizes that credit to people who are already in debt is risky and it felt that subscriptions to the stock of the corporations could not be secured on easier terms. In extenuation, it is widely believed that the date on which the higher rate of interest goes into effect and the other terms of the notes will, in practice, be adjusted to the situations of the borrowers. The credits are available for business men and tradesmen as well as farmers but their need, it is stated, has been met to a large degree by spontaneous offers of credit from manufacturers and jobbers.

If, in a nation of stiff-necked individualists, and among Southerners who are loath to ask for relief or accept it (they asked for none and got none in the big flood of 1922), all of the farmers' losses cannot be made good out of public funds, Congress might well provide that no little fellow should lose his place because the flood had made it impossible for him to meet the payments on principal through which he is slowly buying it. This might be accomplished by some adaptation of credits through the Federal Farm Bureau, of which Eugene Meyer is the newly appointed commissioner. As chief of the War Loan Corporation, Mr. Meyer saved the whole cotton-growing industry and some of the southern banks through federal aid at a time when England wanted cotton but could not buy it because of unfavorable exchange rates. He is a man of wide knowledge of cotton and cotton markets and an ingenious administrator of federal funds.

As to employment, it is believed that the great amount of repairs and rebuilding of railroads, highways, bridges, levees and the like will probably supply work for all who want it and there will be a heavy demand from the farmers who must rush in their seed and clean up their places.

In the restoration to homes, the men are started off from camp two days ahead of their families with instructions as

The Cow Educated the Girl

Profit from milk and buttermilk paid this club member's way through Tuskegee Institute. Her neighbors were so impressed with her success that they followed her example in care and feed of their cattle. One of the chief advantages of the farm demonstrations is that they are under the eye of the community and tend to spread.

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to how to clean up and whitewash the house, screen the windows and lime the well or cistern. Each family is given enough cotton seed to plant the usual acreage, two weeks' supply of food for itself and feed for livestock, farm implements for use in planting, necessary livestock (usually a mule) and poultry, simple household furniture. The Red Cross will also provide new buildings or repairs to the point of sanitary shelter, and those who are without a roof are given the tents and bedding they have used in camp. Once home, they are urged to take stock of their needs and to report at once to the County Committee.

FROM that time on the Red Cross is out of it as the major agent of relief. But the County Committee has the advice of a Red Cross representative and its disbursements, which come from the relief fund, must be approved by the Red Cross. The whole plan for the County Committee, from methods of getting at the needs of its people to final audit of accounts, has been worked out with an eye to making sure that needs are met but that funds are not wasted. Thus it is pointed out that there will be many border-line cases where a family's needs can be met in part by credit and in part by relief, thereby stretching the fund without causing suffering. The Red Cross will install in each County Committee an experienced adviser, probably a case-worker, and the local authorities and the Red Cross nurses will supply the health advice. Should the plan work through as it is drafted, and as it has already been set up in some districts, the whole relief of the Mississippi flood of 1927 will have been administered practically without case-work in the usual sense. Mr. Fieser pointed out that the Florida hurricane required 319 case-workers for 25,000 cases; to apply the same ratio to the Delta with its cases running up to 125,000 families would have stripped the country of its entire force of about 1,500 case-workers. Moreover, in a scattered rural population able to go back to its usual work in four to six weeks and still able to harvest a crop this year, the case-workers are not needed.

More lately Mr. Hoover has appointed an advisory committee of representative colored citizens with R. R. Moton of Tuskegee as chairman to help in the reconstruction work. Appointment of the committee was no doubt due in part to a genuine desire on the part of the natural engineers in the relief and rehabilitation work, and of forward-looking Southerners, to secure skilled advice on reconstruction among Negroes of leading members of their race. But whatever these intentions may have been, adverse local sentiment, apparently, had delayed action and it did not come until after the publication of interviews with Walter White, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, telling of discriminations against Negro refugees in some of the camps and of the use of the camp machinery by the National Guard to make sure that Negro tenants and laborers were returned to the plantations from which they had come regardless of their own wishes. It came, also, long after the earlier offer of Eugene Kinckle Jones, of the National Urban League, to cooperate in the relief work. After, also, many telegrams had been sent to Mr. Hoover by social workers, East and West, protesting that in a great relief operation among Negroes their own organizations and social workers should not be barred.

If the rehabilitation plan should go through perfectly it will, by and large, put the flood victims back where they were when the levees broke. That is, the large planters will plant and harvest a crop and, as usual, they will live on credit which the banks advance them against that crop; the small farmers will plant and harvest a crop and, as usual, they will live on credit advanced by the banks or by the special credit corporations against that crop; the tenant farmers will do precisely the same, with help from the Red Cross, the credit corporations and from their landlords. Everybody will be exactly where he was before in earning a living and in most other ways except for the loss of destructible but not absolutely necessary property—furniture, bedding, small livestock, fences, bicycles, dolls, hencoops, banjos, favorite pipes, strawberry plants, all the perennials—everything that makes life pleasant once it has been saved.

And except that the small land-owning farmers, who are the hope of the South, are badly hit. The relief fund relieves their needs; it does not make good their losses. A mule, a rooster and two hens, a few tools and simple household furniture are a long way short of two mules, a flock of hens, some hogs, a variety of tools, your own tested seed and the slow accumulations of years in the way of furniture, fruit trees, flowers, outbuildings, the flapping remains of a 1919 Ford, and the like. To such families, most of them paying for their farms a bit at a time, on top of a year when cotton had brought only what it had cost to produce, the flood came as a crushing blow. If the County Committees do their best, they can barely be kept out of bankruptcy.

For all of this, rescue, exile and rehabilitation, there is a fund of something over thirty million dollars—sixteen millions in the relief fund, about five millions in the services and materials supplied by government departments, about ten millions in the credits. When this is spent and the people are back as nearly as it will put them where they were, the Mississippi Flood Committee will have done its work and will go out of business. Mr. Hoover does not see that it can go further. To do more than that, he told me, was not the province of the committee.

I asked him how the people of the country could take a hand in raising the level of life in the Delta, just as they had contributed to save life and ward off disease during the flood. Suppose, I suggested, Congress should appropriate fifty million dollars—how would he use it?

"TO go beyond what we are doing in our present reconstruction plans would mean that we were trying to take over the whole problem of the Delta," he said. "I do not see how I or the committee could do it or should do it. The South is poor, but it is making amazing progress. The first great need is for Negro education. The second is for stabilization of its agriculture and markets. And the third is for some plan of freehold land-ownership."

When Congress meets in December, or perhaps earlier, flood control will be one of the first questions taken up, and there is some chance that reconstruction will come up as well. With the Flood Committee disbanded and with the Red Cross committed to a policy of relieving distress but not making good losses, new machinery would have to be set up to distribute any appropriation made for this purpose. But it might be done by a large application of the principle of mutual insurance, on the ground that the people of the Delta are the innocent victims of floods which arise elsewhere and are, at least in part, due to the indifference of the country as a whole and our neglect of the plain warnings of conservationists. If we paid the South a

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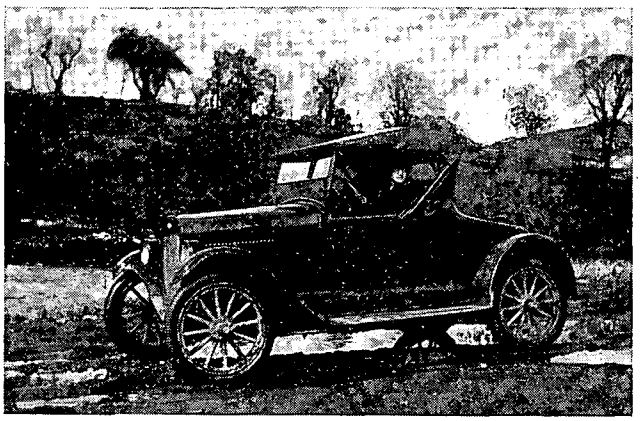
thumping big indemnity it might sharpen our appreciation of the fact that the leaky roof must be mended before the rain comes. The principle has been established in New Orleans where the artificial break in a levee to save the city had to be accompanied by a guarantee to make good all losses resulting from it—not the mere relieving of the distress of the artificially flooded people. Yet their case was essentially like that of all the flooded districts: no amount of local levee-building in the South can prevent floods; no Louisiana farmer can keep his own place dry. It is clearly a national problem. Congress will undoubtedly recognize flood prevention as a national problem. There is an equally good case for making good flood losses. They can not be insured against like losses by fire, and the result is that the man least able to stand it, the small farmer who is slowly buying his twenty acres, must pay. With a surplus in the United States Treasury of six hundred millions there seems to be no need to hold back for the sake of economy. The question is not only of how much but how to guard it so that we may all help without retarding the resurrection of local forces—how to provide help in services as well as money.



As an educator as well as a health worker, a Red Cross nurse is worth her weight in gold

Mr. Hoover's idea that the first great need of the South is Negro education has, of course, been the idea of forward-looking men, both North and South. But how to do it, in a country of simple farmers, who grow only one crop, who do not even grow their own food, who are universally in debt and who do not read and write. Schoolhouses and agricultural colleges will not do unless we are content to skip the present generation and base all our hopes on the children. To do that, to let a whole generation slide along in its present environment, after the disruptive effects of the war, the demands of northern industry and the flood, is to invite a northern migration of all the best Negro stock of the Delta. The Negro men are good farmers; they take to farming naturally. How can they be made self-supporting even in bad cotton years, and self-respecting? Is there not a more natural tie than debts and fear of the landlord?

Consider that here is a family which owns nothing beyond the literal clothes on its back, often without shoes; no furniture nor tools; a family which does not attempt nor know how to grow its own food. Where the adults cannot read. Where the women cannot sew. Where the whole family is engaged in growing cotton, which covers its little place clean up to the house.

To reach such a family with the rudiments of education, which obviously must be outside of walls and of books, there is at present one organization which is adequate in organization and personnel and purpose—the demonstration agents employed jointly by the Extension Division of the federal Department of Agriculture and the states or counties. They operate in every rural district of the United States. They are flexible enough to turn from expert advice on grain in the Northwest, on fruit in California, on pure-bred cattle in New York valleys, on potatoes in Maine, to the simple needs of the little fellow in Sunflower county in the Delta.

An agent, usually a Negro, a graduate of Tuskegee or Hampton or the state agricultural college, drives his Ford up to Farmer Jones' place and begins to talk to him about the bedraggled looking old cow tied in the fence-corner to keep her out of the cotton. He does not advise buying fancy stock or tell him what might be done in four or five years by better sires. He gets right down to this farm and this cow. Will Jones be willing to feed the old Sue cow exactly as the agent recommends for so many weeks if she will give him more milk? Jones is a dumb fellow. But he is also a good-natured fellow and he agrees to do it. As the experiment goes on, he is impressed with the increasing weight of his milk-pail. At the end of it the miracle has happened—old Sue is giving 50 per cent more milk.

Will Farmer Jones be willing to tell his neighbors about it? He certainly will—he is the proudest man in the county. The demonstration agent brings in all the neighboring farmers and Jones himself tells them just what he has done and the results, not quoting figures on the increase in milk and butter fat but pointing out on the milk-pail how the foaming crest rose from week to week. The agent tells just what the ration is. He invites the others to go and do likewise—and they do. The imitativeness of the Negro is a powerful factor, making him an easier pupil to deal with than the white farmer of similar status. This is the demonstration; and this is education, though the agent may be the only man present who can read a book or a newspaper. Other demonstrations deal with hogs, with corn, with crop rotation, with the quick-growing cotton that ripens before the boll weevil does.

The home demonstration agent, working under the same auspices, is a Negro woman, who has the great prestige of having gone to college. She demonstrates chickens, vegetables, fruits—how to grow and cook them and to can the surplus. She starts a sewing club and finds, perhaps, that almost none of her class know how to use a needle. They start with a very simple undergarment, work at it for weeks, or even months. Follow it with an apron. Go on, one step at a time, to a dress.

NOTHING has been said about better clothes or what can be done a year or two from now. But presently there is a meeting of the club at which the members appear triumphantly in dresses they have made themselves. All the time there has been talk of various farm problems—how to build a sanitary privy, why milk should be brought to a boil before the children drink it, how mosquito netting will cut down the amount of chills and fever, why you should sleep with the window open.

The grand finale of a series of demonstrations is the trip of the prize-winner to the agricultural college where he and his wife spend four days with men and women from all over the state, hearing of what others have done, bragging

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of their own successes, seeing the marvels that can be wrought under the ideal conditions of the state farm.

Here the federal government is taking a definite part in carrying out some of the purposes of the first farmers' conference at Tuskegee in 1892: "That as far as possible we aim to raise at home our own meat and bread; that we make every sacrifice and practice every form of economy that we may purchase land and free ourselves from our burdensome habit of living in debt." It proceeds on the theory of education laid down by Seaman A. Knapp, who started the work in the South, with instructions to his agents not to go before people with elaborate programs. He said to them: "The average man, like the crow, cannot count more than three. Do the next thing."

The demonstrations proceed in an orderly sequence from better food and food animals during the growing season to methods of preserving the surplus for the winter or for sale; from a simple undergarment to a dress; from a sanitary home to a more beautiful one, with fruit trees and ornamental shrubs; from the value of whitewash as a protection against disease to the value of paint in making pleasant and satisfying surroundings. Everywhere—among whites and Negroes in all climates—it tends to break the tyranny of single-crop agriculture with its waves of alternate good times and bad. You can't eat cotton and there are years when you can't sell it for enough to buy a year's supply of food. And there is also the spectacle, which particularly tries the soul of Ola Powell Malcomb, chief of the demonstration agents, of poor folk in a country where delicious figs grow wild, buying—on credit—California peaches in expensive cans.

In its first decade the extension work among Negroes had made almost precisely the same progress as the first ten years of the earlier work among white farmers. It has raised the standard of living and of general well-being among great numbers of people. Here is adult education that counts.

The extension work among the people of the Delta should be greatly increased. Under the terms of the Smith-Lever act, the government makes an appropriation of ten thousand dollars a year to each state and an additional amount which for several years has run up to $5,400,000 to be divided among the states on the ratio of their rural population to the total rural population of the country. The states, or counties or organizations within them, must match the amount dollar for dollar. As a matter of fact, C. W. Warburton, director of the Extension Service, estimates that the states and counties spend several times as much as the Department of Agriculture. All through the South, and in other parts of the country too, there are counties asking for agents who must wait, as the federal fund has been entirely allocated. Here is a place where federal money might well be put out in a tested task of reconstruction. To rebuild the Delta through helping its inhabitants to self-support, the government might lay aside for a time its principle of dividing federal grants exactly by population and make a special appropriation to be spent where there is greatest need. The total amount of federal money spent in Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana under the Smith-Lever act is under a half million dollars a year. To double or treble that would make a small item at Washington.

At the bottom of the Delta's troubles is the fact that the United States, producing about two-thirds of the world's cotton, has in recent years had to take over command of the world's cotton market which formerly centered in Liverpool and for which we have not yet developed a technique of handling. The great American formula of a protective tariff does not hold here, for it is a question of exporting. In recent years cotton has fluctuated from 40 cents to 10 cents a pound at the farm when, according to Mr. Meyer's figures, it cannot normally be grown at a profit for less than 13 to 17 cents. Forty-cent cotton led inevitably to great plantings all over the world, most immediately in western Texas and Oklahoma, on land so new that fertilizer is not yet needed and on plantations so large that two-mule cultivation and "sledding" reduce the cost far under that of the hand-grown and hand-picked long staple of the Delta. Once the sledding-picker is improved to the point where it can do a clean job, or the cotton-gin is improved to the point where it will take out all of the stems and leaves as well as the seed, the patient black fingers that have picked cotton since cotton was first picked will be out of their job. There are doubters who believe this will never be accomplished. Yet, in every other form of industry the machine has, in the long run, displaced the hand-worker. That is probably the place to look for the major part of the reduction of cost which is said to be the salvation of the cotton South and not the other method put once more to me by a New York banker. The South cannot control the price of cotton, he said, therefore it must reduce the cost of production; "the way to reduce the cost of production is to reduce the labor cost, and the way to reduce the labor cost is to stop educating the niggers."

Farm relief is in the air. Congress is bound to do something. The best place to begin is at the bottom—in the Delta. It calls for the active help of every agency interested in Negroes, in education, in health, in rural life. Through some union of good will and good sense we must see to it that the small cotton farmer and the farm-hand, Negroes, peons in fact if not at law, shall not continue in ignorance, in poverty, in ill-health to compete bare-handed in the world's market against migrant Mexicans in Texas and Oklahoma, Indians in Brazil and Peru, fellaheen in Egypt and the untouchables of India.

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Prevention First

By GIFFORD PINCHOT

THE Mississippi flood is a man-made disaster. I do not forget that without an excessive rainfall it could not have happened. But neither does a great forest fire, set by a casual match, happen without an excessive lack of rainfall. In both cases men are responsible.

A river is a great natural balance sheet. It is the result of innumerable natural forces and phenomena—the rain, the earth, gravity, erosion, and many another. Where the river flows and how it flows represents a vast and beautiful natural equilibrium established among them all. When men destroy that equilibrium, inevitably they pay the price.

We Americans have been busy ever since we landed in America arranging things so that the price to be paid would be heavy. We have cut and burned the forests and have not replaced them. We have destroyed the natural reservoirs of the swamps. We have everywhere helped the water to run off quickly. We have confined the beds of streams between levees, or, as at Pittsburgh, we have used them as dumping grounds until the restriction of the channel became one of the principal causes of serious floods. In a word, we have done practically everything we could to force the Mississippi to make us trouble, and nothing effective to prevent floods.

In dealing with this greatest natural calamity in the history of the United States, we must, if we are wise, give as much attention to what men have done to the Mississippi as to what the Mississippi has done to men. What is wrong, and what is the remedy?

I heard Dwight F. Davis, secretary of war, at the recent flood control meeting at Chicago, point out with clearness and cogency that we must not act too hastily with regard to the Mississippi—that what we need first of all is a plan. He assumed that the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army would make that plan. We have been dealing with the Mississippi River for half a century, but, when a great emergency arises on that river, Secretary Davis tells the country it must prepare a plan. That would not be necessary if it had a plan now. The worst enemy of the Corps could not formulate a more destructive charge against its efficiency in the regulation of the Mississippi. Unless my dates are wrong, the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army has had charge of the river since 1879. I do not forget that the Mississippi River Commission is nominally in charge. But that commission is mainly composed of and entirely dominated by the Army engineers. From 1879 to 1927 is forty-eight years. Forty-eight years is practically half a century. At the end of that half century of control work by the Army engineers comes the worst and most costly flood that we know anything about. And more than that, the Corps of Engineers, after half a century of active and responsible dealing with the river, does not know what to do next—is without a plan for its control.

How is it that it has no plan?

It is a cardinal principle of the engineers that the Corps must never be wrong, no matter what the facts. The Army engineers long ago took the position that levees, and levees only, were needed to control the floods of the Father of Waters, and have stuck to that opinion in spite of one demonstration after another, by one flood after another, that they were wrong. In 1912, and, to go back no further, in 1922, the Mississippi furnished conclusive proof that the "levees only" theory was utterly untenable. But it took a disaster that cost a billion dollars and made three-quarters of a million people homeless to shake the conviction of the Army engineers that what they had once said was so must always be so in spite of hell and high water.

The Corps has been shaken, but not very much. Its present position is that spillways shall now be added to levees, and that to consider any method of river regulation in addition to these two is evidence of moral turpitude.

A lot of the rest of us, however, believe not only in levees and spillways but in forests and

The Essential Facts as Pinchot Sees Them

A river is a unit from its source to its mouth, and must be handled as such. What happens at the headwaters of a stream affects its whole flow. Water from New York and Pennsylvania, water from Colorado and Montana, water from Minnesota and from Canada, has helped to break crevasses in the levees in Arkansas and Mississippi and to flood the rich lands of the Sugar Bowl of Louisiana.

This is a national problem. Two-thirds of our states and half of our area are concerned.

The floods are getting worse instead of better. Nearly everything that men have done in the valley of the Father of Waters, including the "levees only" program of the engineers, has served to aggravate a continuous series of destructive floods. The last and greatest of them we have just seen.

Levees are absolutely indispensable. But the policy of "levees only" is suicide. Every practicable means, device, and method of stream control must be utilized, and none neglected.

Prevention is better than cure, and worth sixteen times as much. That way safety lies.

Finally, government storage reservoirs, developing electricity to be sold by the government for distribution by others, will pay the bill.

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A land of slowly drying mud and mosquitoes

storage reservoirs and every other practicable means of regulating the river. We believe in prevention first. We believe that with floods, just as with epidemics and forest fires, an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. We think that to keep a savage bull shut up is far better than to be forced to capture and control him after he has got into the china shop.

There has been no lack of weighty opinion behind our position. The Inland Waterways Commission was appointed by President Roosevelt to consider this question. It was probably (in spite of the fact that I was a member of it) the ablest and best-equipped body that has ever considered river problems in America.

In 1907 it made a report, the essence of which was that every river is a unit from its source to its mouth; that it must be handled with due regard to every use of the water and benefit to be derived from its control; and that every good or bad influence on stream flow from the source to the mouth—forests, swamp drainage, soil drainage, levees, and every other—must be combatted or made use of in the unending struggle of men to utilize the earth without upsetting the natural balance which alone makes it habitable to man.

The report of the Inland Waterways Commission was transmitted to Congress with a message from President Roosevelt in which he gave it the strongest and most complete support. And his opinion was not a fleeting one. In his autobiography he wrote of the report as being "at the same time sane and simple," "excellent in every way," and said:

> The plan deserves unqualified support. I regret that it has not yet been adopted by Congress, but I am confident that ultimately it will be accepted.

Congress took no action on the report of the Inland Waterways Commission, and Roosevelt himself is authority for the statement that it was the Army engineers who defeated his plan. Levees—and levees only—was their cry.

On March 3, 1909, Congress appointed the National Waterways Commission which again took into account not only levees but other factors which influence the flow of streams, and other means for their control.

President Taft, during whose term this commission reported, was the second president who approved that general idea. President Wilson also, in a letter to the late Senator Newlands—father of our National irrigation policy and one of the best-posted men on waterways that ever sat in either House of Congress—likewise gave his emphatic approval to the same general plan.

THUS every commission, outside of the Army engineers, which has dealt with the question of the Mississippi since the Civil War, and every president who to my knowledge has expressed himself upon it, is agreed that the wide view which utilizes all means and not the narrow view which utilizes only one or two, the broad grasp and not the local prejudice, the generous and comprehensive plan and not the restricted one, ought to control in dealing with our inland waterways. So did the recent and very important flood control conference in Chicago. The Army engineers alone

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at Washington have stood out against this attitude, but their opposition has been strong enough to stifle progress.

If the foregoing statement is accurate, then the narrow policy of the Army engineers in putting all their eggs into one basket—the "levees only" policy—helped to cause and has a direct responsibility for the damage done by the present flood. And if that is true, then it is not wise to allow their point of view to be the only point of view considered in further dealings with this gigantic problem.

If anyone should consider that what I have said about the Army engineers is unduly severe, I refer to the opposition of the Corps to the construction of the Eads jetties, and to its persistent effort to prove that the jetties had failed long after ships were actually using the deep waterway they had made. If the Army engineers had had their way, there would be no jetties today and New Orleans would not be one of the greatest ports in America.

The Army engineers as individuals are honorable men of goods intentions. Many of their most distinguished officers are and have been my highly valued personal friends. But the Corps, like many another body, has a bad habit here and there. My contention is that the habit of the Corps never to abandon an opinion once expressed should not be allowed to misdirect our national plans.

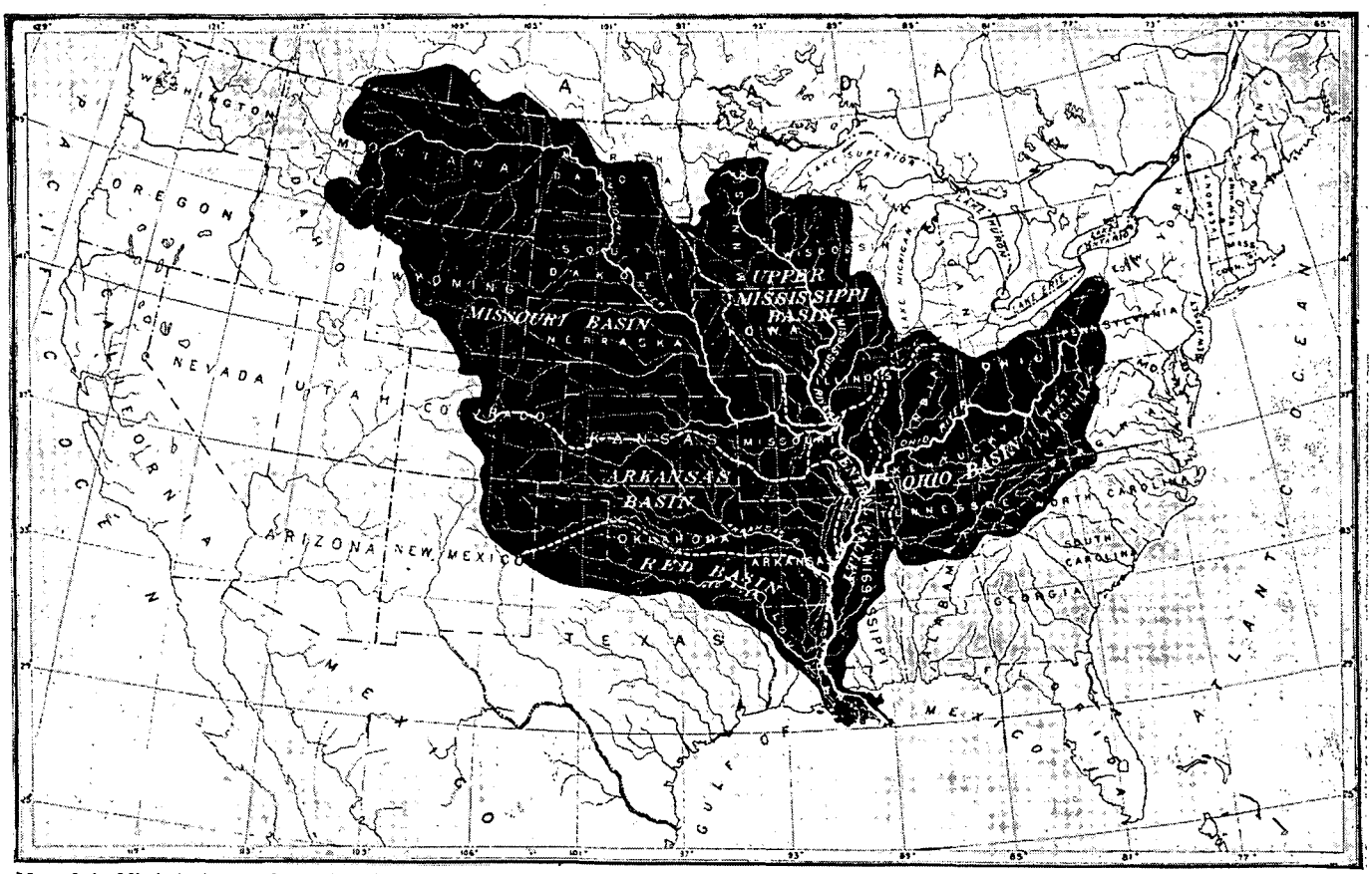
No one point of view ought to control. I am a forester, but I know that forests alone will not solve this problem. I do not insist that what I think forests can do in helping to solve it—what they can do toward the prevention of erosion and the regulation of stream flow—shall be accepted because I think so.

I do believe, however, that the part forests can play, the part reservoirs can play, the part spillways and levees and drainage and dredging and revetment and the rest can play, ought all to be considered not by the Army engineers alone, who have already taken their position and will not abandon it, but by a commission in which every point of view shall be represented by the best brains available and to which no conclusion will be sacred just because it is old.

Especially I am convinced that the vast expense of this huge undertaking ought to be lifted from the shoulders of the taxpayers if that can be done. I believe it can. I believe that production of electricity by the storage reservoirs which are needed for flood control will help do it. We know it can be done at Boulder Canyon on the Colorado. Why not on the tributaries of the Mississippi?

The Federal Water Power Act already contains the principle that private power developments below a new dam are required to contribute to the cost of storage in proportion to benefits received. That alone would help. The whole question is worth looking into.

Drainage Basin of the Mississippi River



Map of the Mississippi River Levee Association

From this great funnel-shaped area of 1,240,050 square miles all of the water must drain off eventually through the Mississippi River. In Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana, the spring flood water piles up high in the river—the small end of the funnel. It has started as rain or snow from the Appalachians to the Rockies and from Canada

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Plan or Perish?

By J. RUSSELL SMITH

"A DOG'S house is his castle," said the judge as he dismissed the case and thereby gave a fine example of the American spirit of liberty. It seems that while drunk a man had crawled into a dog-house. The dog bit him. The sufferer sued the dog's owner for damages. The court ruled that the dog was within his rights, for the house of even a dog is his castle in this land of liberty.

We all want to be free. The desire is as natural as breath. But also we want a lot of things that we can get only by subjecting ourselves to control, to cooperation, and to team-work.

The Mississippi River breaks out. Is this a problem in liberty or of team-work? This river drains parts of thirty-one states and a bit of Canada. Millions of people live on the hundreds of thousands of square miles which it drains. The river has recently brushed aside most of our attempts at control. It has demolished several hundred million dollars' worth of property, drowned over one hundred people and driven 600,000 others out of their homes. The spirit of liberty which we all love must step aside. The river forces us to a stern task of control, cooperation, and team-work.

This is really a declaration of war by the river. Will we run or will we fight? We think we will fight, but it is a nation-sized job. The river is always there and may attack any time. If we cannot plan better for the Mississippi in the future than we have in the past, we should abandon the 29,000 square miles of flood-land and let it revert to a permanent reserve for mosquitoes, bullfrogs, muskrats and swamp forest trees, although with well-planned care it can become by far the richest block in all American agriculture.

How came this flood? To begin with, we cut the forests from the watersheds. At that time timber was so cheap that a lumberman could not afford to protect it from fire after he had cut the timber. He had to make a profit, so he moved on to a fresh tract. The fire followed the lumberman.

Almost before we knew what was happening, we found that we had eighty million acres of might-be timber-land quite unproductive because of repeated fires which kill off the little trees, burn the leaves, trash and the soft spongy soil that theretofore absorbed the rainfall and helped to prevent floods. This is particularly true of the mountain lands of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, which furnish water for the Ohio River floods, contributing to the Mississippi floods. In a period of freedom for the individual and abundance of natural resources, we have let anyone who wished cut the forest from the hill-lands, plow the hills, and let them wash away in gullies. Think what that means!

ANY person at all who can get permanent or temporary possession of a farm is free to ruin it. In the era without plan, farms have been made on land that should have remained in forest. The farmer had to eat, so, in a few years, he has often ruined land that with care would feed a person or a family for generations, for centuries—for ages to come. Thus by plowing land that should not have been plowed, we have ruined the future food supply of millions. This gullying is ruin on the spot and ruin down below, for it increases the rate of rainfall run-off (floods), and it also has sent billions of tons of sand and earth to choke the river channels, thereby limiting their power to carry off floods.

How came this flood? Chiefly, it rained. It rained a lot. It rained a most unusual lot. We had no comprehensive plan for letting the water run away safely. Therefore, we got drowned, in person and in pocket, in mule and in crop.

A plan for a river must meet all emergencies, and the emergencies of the river are made by the weather. Now the weather shuffles and deals us a curious and complicated pack of cards. I read recently that a certain hand in bridge will come on the average only

Photo by J. C. Bragdon

Federal Street, Pittsburgh, under water in March, 1907. Pittsburgh has a flood-control plan which will dovetail into any adequate general plan for the Mississippi and its tributaries. Meantime, it waits—and risks another flooding.

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once in some million deals. It is almost that way with the weather. One of the greatest students of erosion has said that one rain of each year does as much damage as all the other rains of the year; that one rain of each decade does as much damage as all the other rains of a decade; and that it is probable that one rain of each century does as much damage as all the other rains of the century. Therefore, a safe and comprehensive plan for flood control must be able to take care of emergency conditions. If we live beside a river, we must plan for that or take a drowning when it comes. For example, the greatest floods of record at St. Louis, Mo., were in 1796 and in 1844.

We have no comprehensive plan for the Mississippi. For proof, see the Pittsburgh case. In 1907 the people of Pittsburgh got scared. They had reason to be, for in that year came the worst flood in their history and the record showed that the floods were coming with greater frequency, and higher. To push the alarm home, they had the chilling fact that this record flood of 1907 was produced chiefly by one of the two rivers that join at Pittsburgh. Some day Nature would so deal out her cards that both rivers would flood at once. What would happen then? Well, that is what scared Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh raised some money for a survey and a plan. The engineers brought in a plan and recommended a lot of reservoirs in the mountain valleys upstream. These reservoirs would hold enough water to take most of the damage out of the flood. When the water in the rivers got low, the release from the reservoirs would be of great value to water supply and water power and to navigation. It would help the people of many cities and states along the Ohio-Mississippi system.

At this point the people of Pittsburgh discovered that their plan was in reality only a part of what should be a much larger plan. Being Scotch, they asked themselves why they should spend millions for the benefit of the whole fifteen hundred miles of river and the people thereon. They not unnaturally decided to wait. Instead of going to work, they joined interests with New Orleans in an educational campaign to make a plan for the entire river. This was financially wise, although Pittsburgh risks a fearful flooding while she waits.

WE have no comprehensive plan for the Mississippi River. For proof, see the chaos on the lower river. By the natural process of dealing with problems where they arose, we have organized many independent enterprises each dealing with a part of the river system. The lower Mississippi is in charge of the Mississippi River Commission. This Commission, created by Congress, has control of the Mississippi and its branches as far as a Mississippi flood backs water up these rivers. The tributaries, Red, Arkansas, Black, St. Francis and others, flow across the flood plain, and bring floods to the Mississippi. These tributaries can flood a section of the plain quite as effectually as the main river can do it. On the various streams a group of citizens of Arkansas or Mississippi or Louisiana can get together and, according to state law, form a drainage district and erect levees to suit their own ideas—a chaos of plans which have failed, thereby showing us that we must have one plan.

In the absence of a comprehensive plan, the dominating motive in flood work on the lower Mississippi has been to "crowd the water out of our neighborhood." This usually had to mean also to "get it onto somebody else." Does anyone think there was general mourning in New Orleans late in May when the Bayou des Glaises, near the mouth of the Red River, broke and flooded the Sugar Bowl of Louisiana? How could they mourn? There was a veritable inland sea above the Red River levee. Water was piling into it apparently twice as fast, probably more than twice as fast, as it could flow past New Orleans. A two-foot rise at New Orleans would have flooded that city and turned it into a death-trap. No, New Orleans could not and did not mourn. She sighed a sigh of relief and the next day the river began to fall at New Orleans. The flood had flowed over someone else. New Orleans was saved.

This policy of crowding the flood onto someone else has

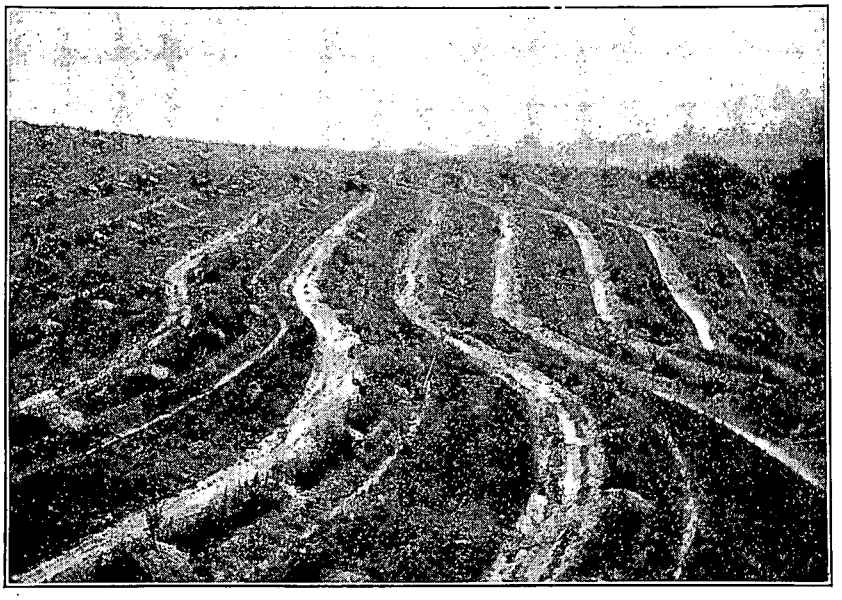

Photo by Lawrence Lee

One of the great agricultural inventions—horizontal terraces holding water on the Piedmont hills of Virginia. Rain soaks slowly into the terraces within ten feet of where it falls. This makes trees grow rapidly, saves the soil and holds back water which would otherwise run off to make floods

even gone so far that it has been reported that the people on one side of the river, bank A, have tried to dynamite the levee on the other side, bank B, so that the A-bankers would escape the flood which they thought had to overtop one bank or the other. But these people were laboring under the excitement of a menacing calamity. There was a deadfall of water up there in the river ready to rush down on their homes.

One of the inherent troubles of the situation is the conflict of local interests with general interest. A law of Congress concerning the Mississippi River illustrates the point. When the river gets in flood it breaks the levees from time to time; spills itself over the lowlands and works its way down to the Gulf. Hence the demand for prepared spillways and floodways to take care of the surplus waters without destruction. It goes without argument that the facts of river location, the elevations and the shape of the land, decide where these spillways should be.

A glance at the map shows Lake Pontchartrain reaching

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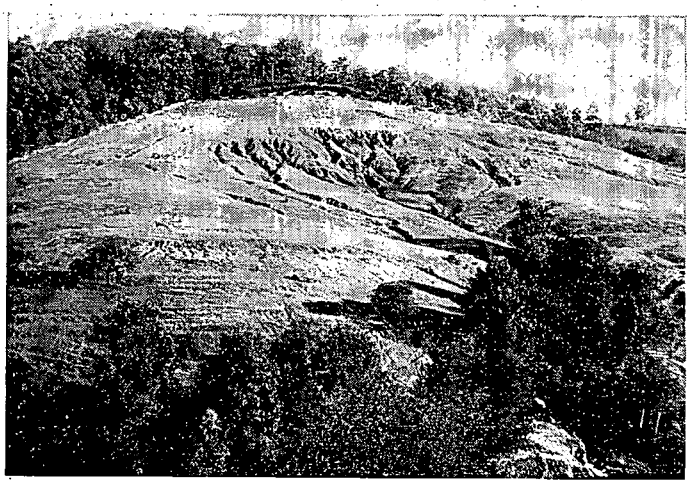

Courtesy Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station

Erosion in Washington County, Ohio, part of the Mississippi Basin. Water has run off rapidly and carried the soil with it

far inland toward the left bank of the Mississippi River above New Orleans. It looks as though it might be a natural place to receive a spillway or two. But it so happens that Lake Pontchartrain would pour these muddy waters into Mississippi Sound, along the south shore of the state of Mississippi. Therefore, the state of Mississippi becomes active in Congress with the result that a law forbids the Mississippi River Commission to even survey for spillways that would pour water into Mississippi Sound. Fortunately, since the present disaster, a senator from Mississippi is now ready to sacrifice the small interest of Mississippi (and it is a sacrifice) in the interest of the larger good. He has recommended the repeal of this prohibition. The fact that we have had and still have this law, may serve as a crowning proof of our utter lack of comprehensive planning by which to accomplish one of the most difficult tasks that man has ever attempted.

What do we need? (We have a group of economic interests of great importance and of varying degrees of urgency, but all contributing to or connected with the problems of the flood prevention on the lower Mississippi):

1. Protect the 29,000 square miles of alluvial land on the Lower Mississippi from flood, if it is worth protecting now at the necessary cost
2. Protect New Orleans from flood
3. Protect Pittsburgh and Ohio River cities from flood
4. Maintain and improve navigation
5. Reforest mountain lands on headwater rivers
6. Create new waterpower resources by reforesting and building reservoirs
7. Create a new type of hill farming to prevent quick run-off and gullying
8. Fertilize the Mississippi flood plain land with flood mud and make of it another Nile Valley, yielding perpetual harvests.

Those are eight wonders. The value of each runs from hundreds of millions to billions. Integrating them into one comprehensive plan is a task involving control, team-work and plan, and it must have many points of contact with political action. Have we the men with minds competent to handle these elements, integrate them into a whole and execute it with reasonable cost? If we have such brains at our disposal, can politics find these brains, and then can politics let these constructive brains alone while they work? Or will there be more acts of Congress like the one about Mississippi Sound, with senators log-rolling and killing appropriation bills because their corner of one of the thirty-one states drained in whole or in part by the Mississippi is not pleased by something that must be done in the interest of the greater good? Be not harsh on the senator. We, the voters, make him do these foolish things. We could have much better government if we did not make the officials play politics instead of punishing them for it.

We have plenty of technical skill and wealth to tame the Mississippi if it is worth it. The chief stumbling blocks will be found in human nature.

These eight problems of the Mississippi fall into two groups: 1, protective; 2, preventive and restorative. The protective problems are urgent. People must be saved from flood. There is no time to wait. The next flood should find Pittsburgh, New Orleans and the Mississippi flood plain so fixed that the flood reaches the sea without serious harm to man or his works.

Protective works should be put through as quickly as a plan aided by steam and electricity can do it.

Courtesy Pennsylvania Dept. of Forests and Waters

An over-grazed hillside in Parke County, Indiana, tramped by stock from the adjoining barn-lot. The trees will die, but the roots show how they hold the earth if given a chance

THE preventive and restorative problems are not so urgent. They can be distributed over a period of years. Let us first consider the less urgent, the preventive and restorative ones. These are chiefly concerned with checking the swift run-off.

We need reforesting. Millions of acres of hill and mountain land in Mississippi drainage are almost or quite unproductive and lack the leaf mould of the forest floor. This condition prevails because fires have repeatedly swept over the area. We are using timber four times as fast as it is being grown. A timber famine looms

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in America. For timber alone, therefore, we should reforest large areas of gutted Appalachian upland. There is not space to explain it here, but individuals with small mountain tracts of timber-land are almost helpless in the face of fire, the great enemy of the forest in America.

IN Sweden or Norway, France or Germany, Switzerland or Austria, large blocks of such upland are in forest, perfectly cared for and owned by the state. It is time that we started a vigorous policy of reforesting and fire protection in the East. We need it for the forest; it will contribute to flood prevention, to the improvement of navigation, of water supply and of water power. It should be added that reforesting will be more important relatively to Pittsburgh than to New Orleans.

We need waterpockets on our watersheds. If you make in the ground a hole, or a furrow, or a basin, so shaped that the water cannot run out of it, it may fill up with water during a heavy rain. The water gradually soaks into the ground and waters the trees or other plants within its reach. Waterpockets help to stop erosion and to feed springs. The waterpocket has been used chiefly as an agricultural device. I have seen it in China, in the Malay peninsula, in Algeria, in Porto Rico, in Minnesota, in Pennsylvania and in Virginia. In each of these places it was an independent invention to promote the growth of field crops (China), rubber trees (Malaya), olive trees (Algeria), coffee trees (Porto Rico), grape vines (Minnesota), or apple trees (Pennsylvania and Virginia). The Virginia inventor assures me that his waterpocket land has had no run-off for years. The inventor, Mr. Lee, is an engineer.

Much more significant is the rather extensive use of a similar device by a power company in North Carolina. The company wants its water-wheels to run. To do this the stream must run. To maintain stream-flow this company catches the rain water in hundreds of little tractor-made trench-reservoirs on the hillside, called "terrace with back ditch." These terraces hold the water until it soaks into the earth to flow out later as spring water. It also makes trees grow faster.

This field water storage is one of the great inventions. Suppose they caught a third or a half of the run-off of Appalachia within ten yards of the place where it fell and made it soak into the ground. See how this would stop floods, increase water-power and increase tree growth. Pittsburgh should take notice. Why let North Carolina get ahead? And North Carolina was not trying to save a city from destruction either.

We need a tree crop agriculture for the hill country. In different sections of southern Europe I have seen hillsides covered with crop yielding trees —olive (butter substitute), English walnut (meat substitute), chestnut (wheat and corn substitute), acorn yielding oak (corn substitute), carob bean (bean substitute). These hillsides were not plowed and the tree roots and grass held the soil in place. In America, lacking such crops, we have plowed hillside to put in corn, cotton and tobacco. These crops favor erosion greatly and the hillsides have washed away, making a terrible destruction of resources and adding to the total volume of floods a double contribution of water and mud.

Photo by Alfred Gaskill, courtesy U. S. Forest Service

A model spruce wood at Siegsdorf, Germany. Reforesting not only grows timber—it saves soil and holds back water

Meanwhile our native trees are amazingly rich in crop possibilities. Walnut, hickory, pecan, persimmon (pig feed), honey locust bean (bran substitute), oak tree (corn substitute), and many others. The secretary of agriculture has and can get men who would like to make these trees into annual crop producers, but he has not the appropriations. That is because we who appropriate have not yet got the idea that we should plan to do constructive work for the future. The Department of Agriculture, therefore, is busy with problems of the day. We will not permit it to plan great projects.

We need spillways and floodways to save the farms and

Photo by E. A. Sterling, courtesy U. S. Forest Service

Small-strip method of cutting mature forest in Urwald, Germany. In Austria, France, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Germany, government forests are protected from fire, against which the individual owner of forest land in the United States is helpless

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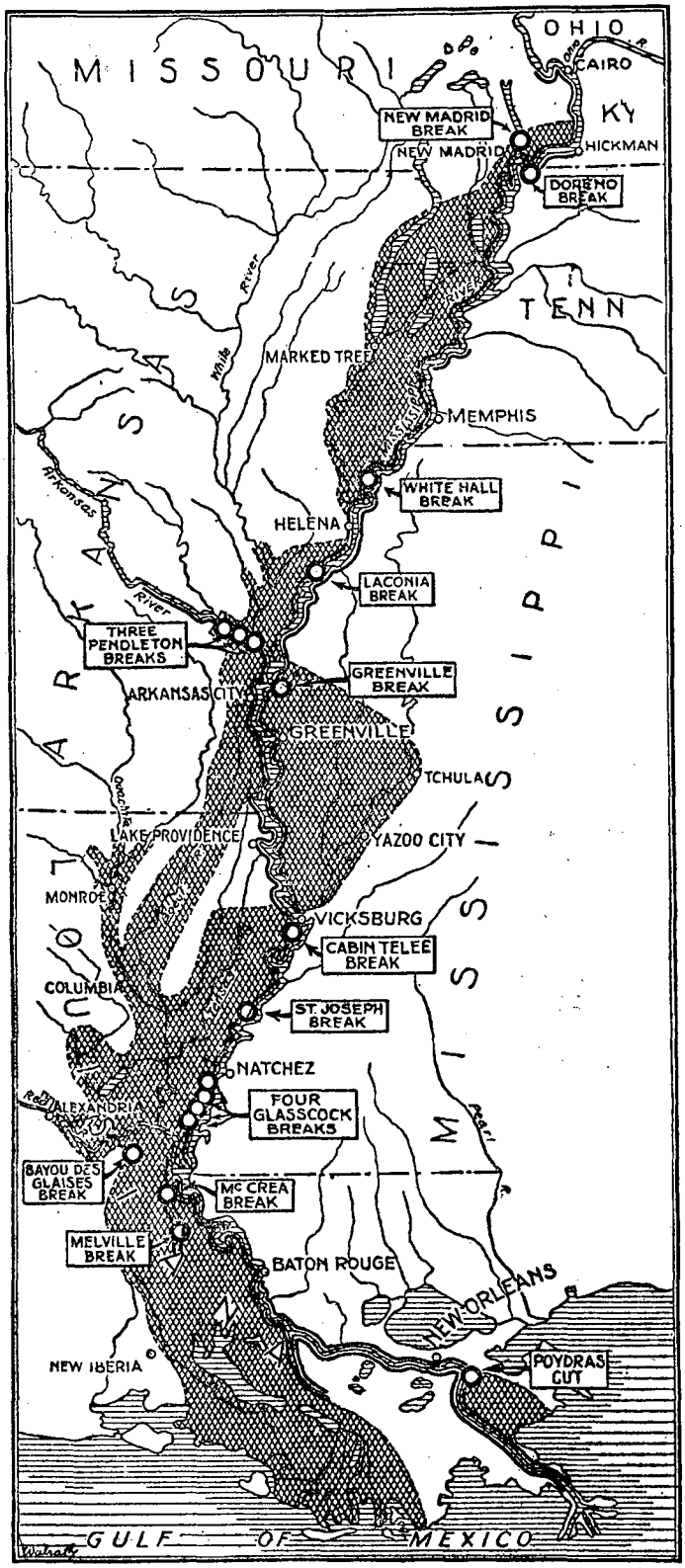


Courtesy of New York Times

Spillways? Yes the Mississippi has seventeen of them now—wild ones, all but Poydras, and it is half wild. The river always has had spillways and it always will have them. The shaded area, the 18,000 square miles flooded this year, should be called "part of the natural bed of the Mississippi river in flood time." Therefore the levee along the Red River became a kind of unbelievable attempt to dam the Mississippi. It is unbelievable, yet it was built. It is unbelievable because it dammed up water for which no outlet was provided. This sounds like Alice in Wonderland, this dam of the Alice engineers.

cities of the lower Mississippi. It is well to work with nature rather than against her. We have been fighting the river rather than cooperating with it. Hence the calamity of 1927. The Mississippi River flows through a flood plain from Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio, to the Gulf of Mexico. The river built this flood plain by filling an ancient sea. In nature, the river floods thousands of square miles of this flat land at every overflow. As the water swings out of the main channel into the still backwaters, its speed is checked. It drops part of its load of silt and mud. This makes the river bank higher than the back swamp. (See the picture on pages 376 and 377.)

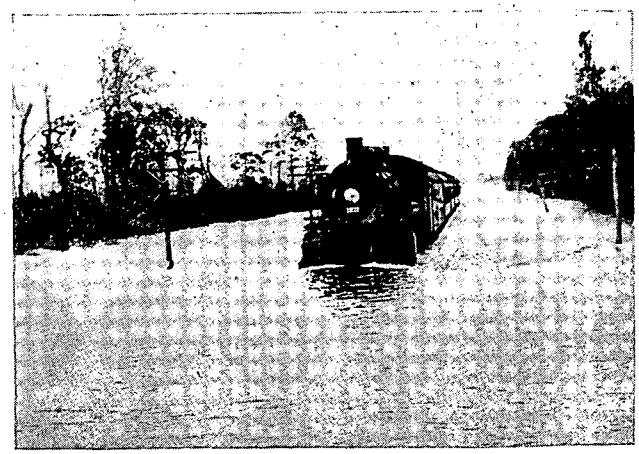
A river in a flood plain has another habit that is appalling to men. It is very crooked, and therefore it is always cutting the outer bank of the bends. As a result of these two habits of bank-building and bank-cutting, the river is continually relocating itself. After any overflow, we may expect to find a flood-plain river flowing in some new course out in the back swamp which is lower than the banks of the old stream.

A third conspicuous habit of the flood-plain river is a natural result of the first two. Water breaks out of the main river and flows to the sea by separate channels, giving the river many mouths. The Mississippi has done this for ages.

We build levees to keep the water off the land. This narrows the channel. This piles water up higher in the main river. This increases the speed and the cutting power and the danger of breaking through the outer sides of bends. Then we have made it worse by increasing run-off by deforesting and bad hillside farming. For result see our endless series of floods with their crevasses and drownings. Especially see the flood of 1927.

In the Sacramento Valley of Cailfornia they have been through all this experience and have gone on to the next step. They are cooperating with the river. They have built a set of levees which make a reserve channel or floodway. It is a kind of second river to take the surplus when the first river gets full to safe capacity. One or more reserve channels are absolutely vital to the Mississippi for much of the distance between Cairo and the Gulf. The following facts should serve to convince the most skeptical.

A. The Mississippi River near New Orleans has a channel built by nature to carry a minor fraction of the river in flood. Most of the flood water was, in nature, flowing through the swamps into which the river had been discharg-



Courtesy of the War Department

Railway between Memphis and Vicksburg, 3 feet under water

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ing water for a thousand miles. B. We have built a system of levees which artificially raise the safe level of the river at New Orleans to twenty feet above mean low water. C. This enlarged river carries less than one-half as much water at New Orleans as the Ohio and the upper Mississippi and its tributaries were pouring into the stream in May. It carried only a half of the flood of 1882. Enlarging the lower Mississippi to make it carry two and a half or three times as much water as it now does is an unthinkable task. It is also an unthinkable menace to farm and town alike. The idea is enough to be a real nightmare to the people of New Orleans. No wonder some people say they are crazy about spillways. Why not say they are sane about spillways?

It should also seem too clear for argument that these spillways should not be gates to get out of order, but structures that would handle a flood automatically if the whole population had gone to Europe.

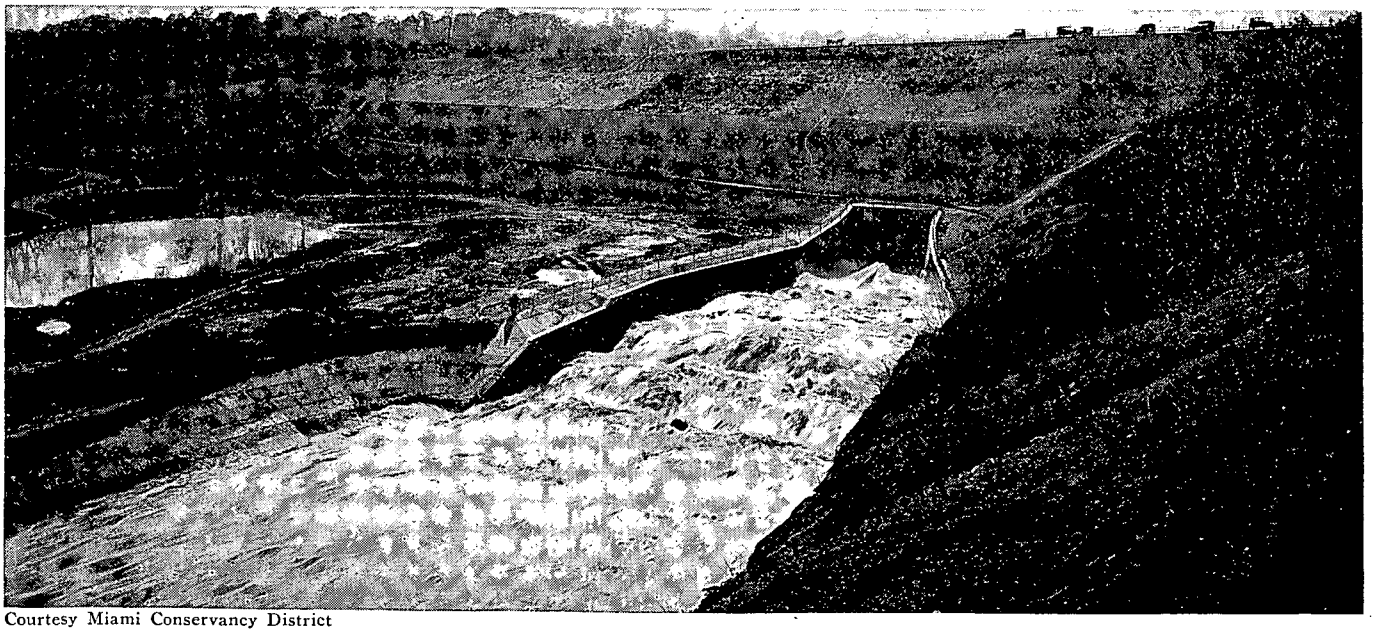
The present system is one of repeatedly uncontrolled breaks and uncontrolled flood. The spillway and floodway idea would put a safety valve on one and a fence (the levee) around the other. That is cooperating with nature.

We need to fertilize the Mississippi flood plain with flood mud. The Mississippi flood plain is rich with river mud, because the levees break and we have floods so often. If we should really succeed with the flood prevention on present lines, the land would soon become impoverished. By flooding it under control at proper intervals, it can be made to yield a five-hundred-pound bale of cotton to the acre. The national average is one hundred and forty-three pounds. The difference of three hundred and fifty-seven pounds looks like an annual acre profit to result from using the flood. Crops of corn and hay would be increased proportionally. Flood mud on 20,000 square miles of flood plain might, if the land were cultivated, easily be worth several hundred million dollars per year. This is a simple but big task of engineering plus constructive imagination.

The whole problem needs to be examined from the beginning as though it were a new thing. At present it is chiefly in the hands of the army engineers, as prescribed by Congress in the act creating the Mississippi River Commission. Flood control is a technical, economic task, of far-reaching industrial significance. What is the best type of man in America to do this work? Is it the man who elects war for his profession? This choice indicates his fundamental interest. He goes to a war college, studies the art of war, becomes a part of a military machine. He

Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer

Still Afloat!



Courtesy Miami Conservancy District

A dam at Germantown, Ohio, at work checking a flood, with thirty-seven feet of water piled up behind it. There is a spillway a quarter mile away. It may not be used for a century, but it is there, ready for an emergency.

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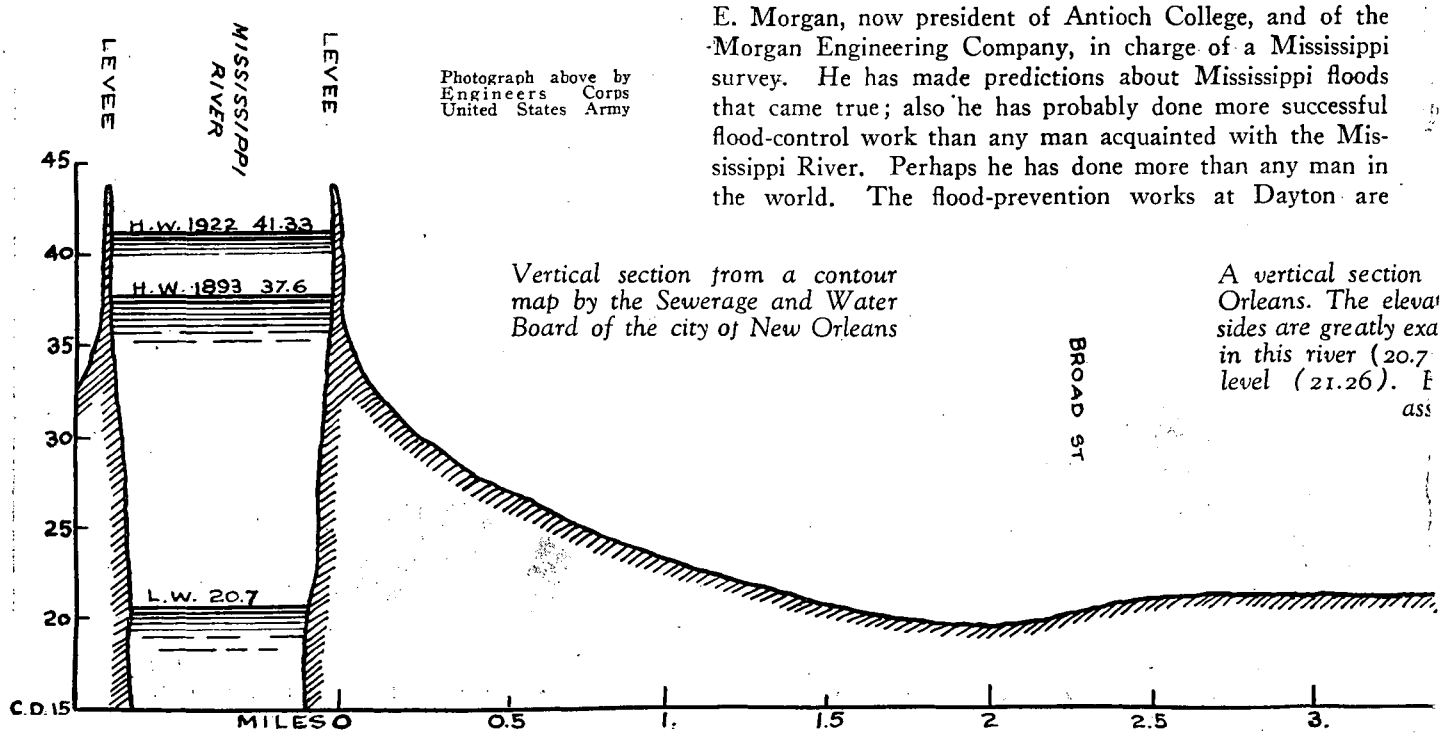
The hill is a Mississippi levee. The steamboat shows that the water is near the top of this. The man shows how high the levee is. Sandbags in the foreground

thinks and acts according to an established military discipline. There are sometimes strange conflicts between military discipline and the facts of particular situations. If I wanted a war fought, I would send for him. If I wanted a law case put through, I would send for a man interested in the law, I would not send for a soldier. Nor does a railroad company send for an army engineer to plan or execute difficult railway work. If I wanted a river controlled, I would send for a man who had studied engineering as a civilian in a civilian school. He is interested in engineering. Perhaps the type of man employed in the past helps to explain the reason for the colossal failure of the Mississippi after the chief of engineers of the United States Army had reported (Annual Report 1926, p. 1793): "The improvement is providing a safe and adequate channel for navigation and is now in condition to prevent the destructive effect of floods." It was these men who tried to dam up the Atchafalaya outlet and confine in the main channel twice as much water as it could hold. The result was the drowning of the Louisiana Sugar Bowl in May when New Orleans was so glad that she did not get drowned instead.

An example of the other type of man is found in Arthur E. Morgan, now president of Antioch College, and of the Morgan Engineering Company, in charge of a Mississippi survey. He has made predictions about Mississippi floods that came true; also he has probably done more successful flood-control work than any man acquainted with the Mississippi River. Perhaps he has done more than any man in the world. The flood-prevention works at Dayton are

Photograph above by Engineers Corps United States Army



Vertical section from a contour map by the Sewerage and Water Board of the city of New Orleans

A vertical section Orleans. The eleva sides are greatly exa in this river (20.7 level (21.26). E ass

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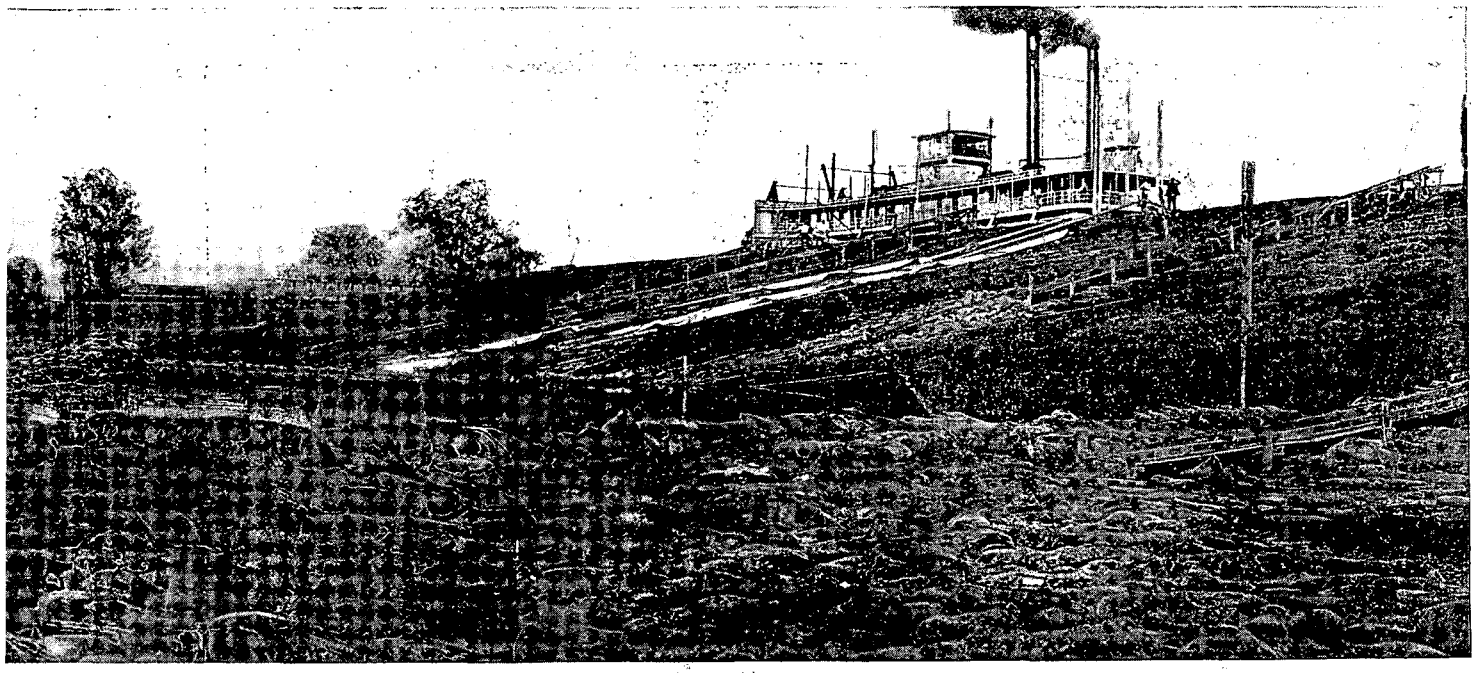

.OOK DURING A FLOOD

When the levee breaks the river becomes a kind of deadfall for the whole countryside, all of which is much lower. Some propose to build the levees still higher

chiefly his in conception, in negotiation with the public, and in execution. In 1913, when he was only thirty-six years old, his reputation was good enough to cause the people of Dayton to entrust him with their millions and their lives when the chief of engineers of the United States Army publicly condemned his plans. He now says the whole Mississippi problem needs to be examined anew.

There should be some kind of a board back of the technical men who do the work. Keeping it clear of politics is one of the tasks of the century. Can it be done? I suggest the following board as a possible way out of this difficulty:

One member each appointed by Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and New Orleans named by the mayor, the most representative commercial organization and the president of the university.

One each by Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas, named by the governor, the director of the State Agricultural Experiment Station and some fairly representative organization of farmers in the flood area.

One familiar with the Agriculture of the hill country, named jointly by the directors of agricultural experiment stations in Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee.

Four by the President of the United States, one of whom shall be an expert in forestry, one in navigation, one in water-power. The lower river would have four, the upper river three, the nation four. No bloc would have a majority. All interests would be represented.

Who will pay this bill and who will get the direct cash benefits?

Perhaps when the bill of costs for such adequate plans is seen, the only way out will be for the United States government to take possession of the large area of swamp now held by corporations, protect it, reclaim it, own it and rent it. It is almost sure to be rented by some one. It is one thing a tenant cannot hurt. There are not many such in this world.

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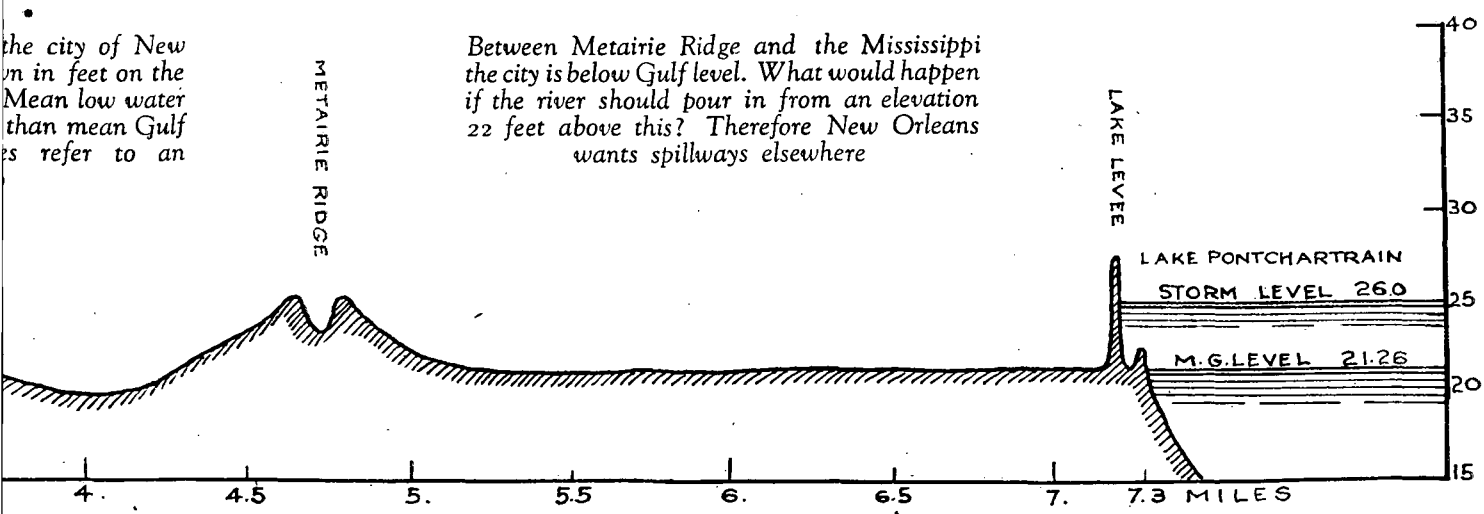
Between Metairie Ridge and the Mississippi the city is below Gulf level. What would happen if the river should pour in from an elevation 22 feet above this? Therefore New Orleans wants spillways elsewhere



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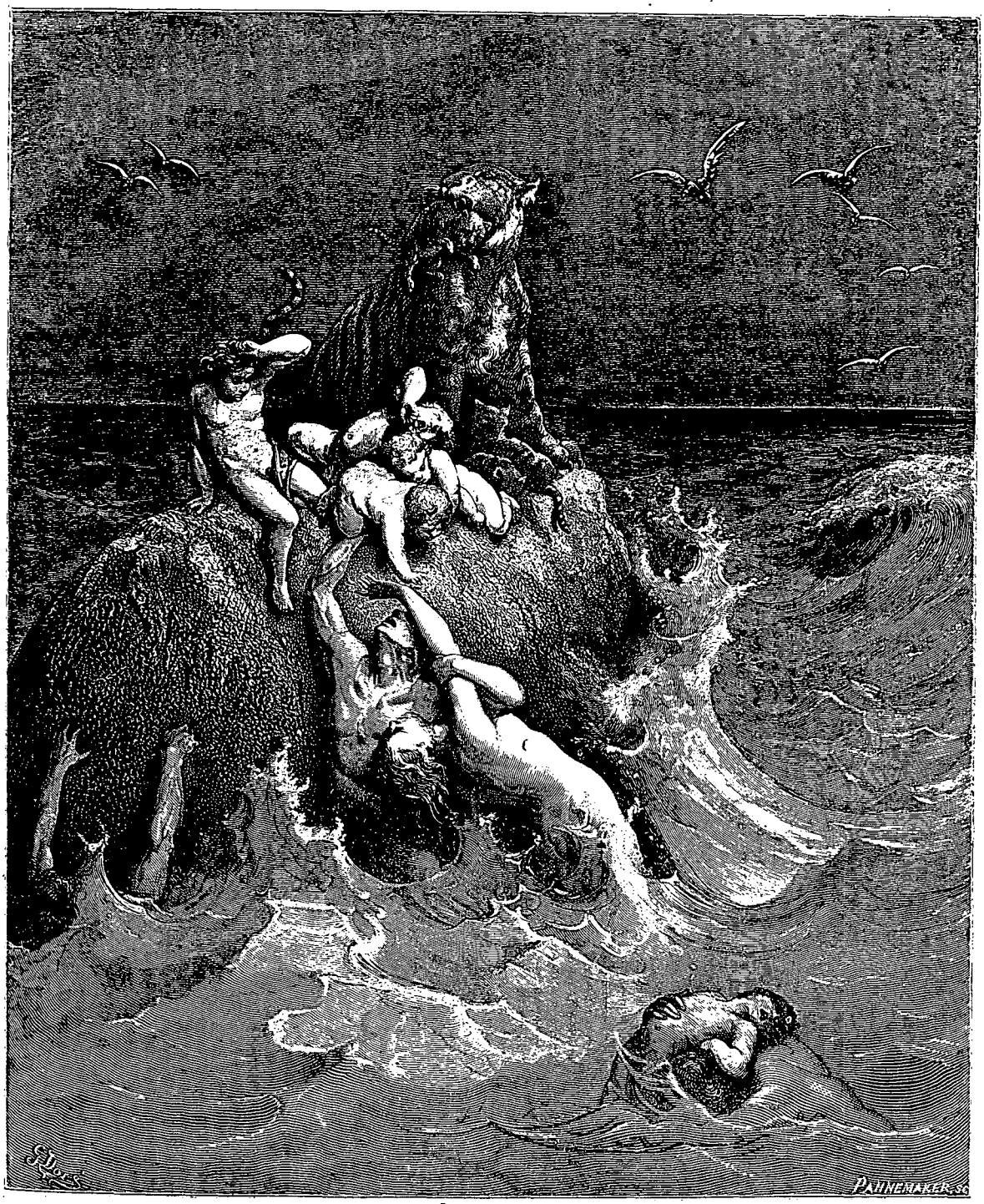

From the engraving by Gustav Doré

THE DELUGE

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The White Elephant Wins

By ANNE ROLLER

POP laid his paint-brush on the half-finished fender of the ramshackle Ford and walked across his muddy back-yard to the little shed where he and his son made "White's Superfine Bluing."

"Wonder what I done with that extry can of paint?" he muttered to himself.

He fumbled among bottles on the table, finally spied what he was looking for on the shelf above. Turning back, he paused in the doorway to peer across the higgledy-piggledy shacks and cottages of his neighbors to where the yellow river was rising, rising. His deep-set dreamer's eyes took on the far-away look they so often wore. He did not see his visitor until she stood before him.

"Good morning. I see you're painting the white elephant!"

"Yup. Paintin' 'er black."

Pop's cackle bespoke embarrassment rather than mirth. If he'd spotted the Charity Lady coming across the Flats, he'd have joined the crowd along the river. Mary and the kids swore by her because she'd sent a visiting nurse and groceries and coal when they all had the grippe, but Pop mistrusted her.

"Like walking on a sponge to get here." The visitor regarded her mud-caked rubbers cheerfully. "Think there's going to be a flood?"

"Dunno."

Pop was carefully noncommittal. He resumed his job, shrewdly refraining from sharing his thoughts with the tailored young woman who now settled herself on an upturned box and watched him slap on the black paint. He'd been recalling the chain of circumstances that three years ago brought him the cherished Ford. When the triplets were but five days old the river came pouring through the embankment. Pop's old woman was the first to be carried to safety and spent two luxurious weeks in the Maternity Hospital. A bunch of reporters doing the flood gave state-wide publicity to Pop's lucky inspiration in naming the babies for the mayor, the governor, and the president. Presents and money came pouring in. The City Hall made up a purse for little Patrick Murphy White and the Republican Club handsomely remembered his brothers, Gifford Pinchot and Calvin Coolidge. By pooling the money, Pop managed to buy his car, after which he gave up his job at Healy's Bluing Factory and went into business for himself.

More good luck followed. The babies got on the cradle roll of the First Baptists who began sending Mary the left-overs from their banquets. This gave Pop the idea of enrolling each of his other offspring in a different Sunday school. Subsequently the leavings from seven church kitchens almost kept his family in food. Twelve baskets of goodies and three beautiful trees they'd had that Christmas. He suspected that Miss Allison had thereafter given his name to that pesky Christmas Clearing Bureau, for they'd received only one basket and one tree last December. This pretty, determined lady from the Charities—Welfare Bureau they called it now—belonged to the troublesome minority that regarded his luck with naming the triplets as a misfortune. Pauperized, she said he was, wouldn't leave off urging him to sell the "white elephant," as she called the Ford.

"How's business lately?" She always asked that question, never seemed to understand that he couldn't work days when it rained or he had a crick in his back or fishing was good.

"Purty good." Pop's usual answer, delivered with a patient sigh.

"How much did you make last week?"

"Didn't figure exactly. Me and Ben was deliverin' all Friday afternoon and Sat'day morning. Peddled a few bottles 'way out in Oak Hill."

"And spent all your profits on gasoline?" ventured Margaret.

Pop's face fell. "Well, had to buy a few gallons fer her, and some paint."

"Last week it was ten dollars for repairs, the week before a new tire," Margaret reminded with a twinkle. "Now, Mr. White, you're a sensible man, do you call that good business?"

"When a feller starts in business fer hisself he's got ter take chances." Pop drew himself erect with dignity, ignoring the twinge to strained muscles. He was not aware that the wide new overalls of a size to fit his son made him look puny and ineffectual.

Margaret reflected. "Suppose you keep track this week of how much you make and spend."

Pop grunted acquiescence.

"Girls still working at Healy's?"

"Yup. Got a raise, and Susie's permoted to be inspector in the labeling room. They's gittin' awful independent, though, about givin' Mary they wages, wants everything fer clothes."

"They're young, you know. It's natural they want a good time. Maybe they'd rather pay your wife board than turn over their wages. How's Ben?"

"He aint helped me much lately, hangs around them pool-rooms by the depot. I caint make him out, seems stupid like."

"I'll have a talk with him and the big girls. Lily and Pansy taking their tonic?"

Miss Roller's title might be amended to The White Elephant Wins Again. It won back self-respect and a job for Pop and it won for its author the second prize in the recent short-story contest of the Committee on Publicity Methods in Social Work. The story of a family both wrecked and restored by an overflowing river, it has a particularly appropriate place in this issue of The Survey given over largely to flood control. More than that, it is a good story.

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"Yup, but they sniffles all the time. They aint started back to school yit."

"Oh, my! The nurse told me Dr. Howe dismissed them a month ago."

"They aint had shoes and now with the spring thaw Mary thought best to keep 'em in."

"But you don't want them in Juvenile Court for truancy! Look here, I'll write Mrs. White an order for shoes and you can repay me when you have the five dollars. She'd better stop at the nose and throat clinic, too. Dr. Howe thought their colds might be caused by adenoids."

"Supper, Pop!" The kitchen doorway framed Mary, short, stout, with fair freckled skin and turbulent reddish hair.

Pop led the visitor into the reeking, cluttered kitchen. In one corner a large pile of soiled clothing lay heaped about the washtub. The triplets played upon the floor amid bread-crusts, bits of coal, dried mud, heterogeneous filth. Smelly work-clothes hung on nails, grimy pans were piled high on the stove.

Mary and the children were at table. Susie and Emmy, nineteen and eighteen respectively, sat on a bench against the wall, Evan, freckled, smudgy, twelve, on an upturned box, Lily and Pansy, the scrawny second-and third-graders, ate standing. The lank sixteen-year-old Ben and his mother occupied two of the three chairs.

"Have a bite with us, Miss Allison?"

Pop took his seat, indicated the bowl of thick soup in the middle of the table. Ben arose, flushing darkly, and offered his place.

"No, thanks, had an early supper before I came. Keep your seat, Ben. How are the working girls?"

Susie and Emmy, fair and auburn like their mother, dimpled and smiled at the jolly young woman from beyond the tracks. Susie, the loquacious one, spoke of the recent raise and promotion.

"Your father told me. I wondered if you wouldn't like to celebrate by going to a movie with me tonight?"

Would they? Say, ask 'em again!

"Did the visiting housekeeper come, Mrs. White?"

"Yes, she come, and I sure was glad. The work seems easy the way she done it—I used to get all muddled so I didn't know what to do first. Today I aint cleaned like I done the day after she was here—the babies was cantankerous and I had to stop to ontangle 'em from a fight and feed 'em and sleep 'em till I'm sore as a rubbed corn."

"Three babies are a care," said Margaret sympathetically, dangling a springy ball before Calvin's enchanted eyes.

AFTER supper Pop sat on the back doorstep smoking a solitary pipe. Presently he heard Ben's voice replying to something that was said. He leaned against the door to listen.

"Loafing?" The boy's voice was scornful. "Well, I don't know, don't seem loafing no more'n hanging around Pop's old bluing shed. What's Pop doing but loafing anyhow? With that pesky car fer an excuse!"

Mary put in a word. "The children's gittin' down on Pop 'cause he expects 'em to bring in all their money and him drivin' 'round the country in that ornery old rattletrap."

Pop listened in hurt silence. Would they never leave off? Presently he heard Miss Allison and his elder daughters leave the house, chattering and laughing fit to kill.

"Interduce our fellers to Pop?" Susie was saying as the front door closed. "All he kin do's pet a second-hand Ford same's it was a child. They'd laugh at 'im!"

Pop smoked on, sitting there alone in the dark.

When Fate and the Charity Lady descended upon him Saturday morning, he was at work in the shed, pouring water into a vat.

"Good morning. How's business?"

"Not so good as might be." Pop's cheeks were flushed, his mouth drooped dejectedly, the graying hair above his rounded forehead was all awry.

"How much did you sell?"

"Fifteen bottles at fifty cents makes seven-fifty."

"And how much did the white elephant eat?"

"I bought five gallons gasoline fer her." He didn't mention that he'd left her at Jim's garage for repairs.

There was a silence that lasted several minutes.

"YOU see, it was this way." Pop sat down heavily. "Part of the time it rained and part of the time I had to mind the kids. Thursday the sun come out and I took Nannette—the goat, you know—up the river to graze. Finished my batch of bluing that night and delivered yesterday. Bad luck all 'round, business aint what it used ter be, you see that in the papers right along."

"If you had a job at the factory you could depend on so much a day, rain or shine."

The logic was irrefutable. Pop was dumb before it, yet he felt bereft of dignity, stripped. Being in business for yourself, the proud owner of a car, did that count for nothing?

"I'll try it another week," he said with finality.

"How's Ben?"

"Same's ever."

"Lily and Pansy in school?"

"Yup. They's to have they adenoids cut out this summer."

"Good! Did Susie and Emmy make their party dresses out of the silk I helped them buy?"

"My, yes, and that proud! Wished you'd speak to 'em, though, about they wild beaux. I caint say nothin' to 'em, they treats me like they's 'shamed of me." Pop's face grew wistful. He changed the subject. "Think they's goin' ter be a flood?"

"Don't know. Paper said this morning the danger's past unless we get more rain."

But that night the rain began again. Pop sat on an outjutting ledge below the bridge, breathlessly watching the angry river. A flood meant excitement, adventure, even luxury. Hot meals, the city looking after your family. The Red Cross giving you bedding and furniture and wall-paper. Would she break loose tonight? The little man shivered and drew his ragged sweater more closely about his meagre shoulders, while his imagination constructed an air-castle of magnificent proportions.

"Man the boats! Here you, White, take the first one and row across the Flats!"

"Sure, you bet, here we go!" In through the windows, rescue the women and children. Yonder's a mother and her little ones clinging to the roof. Row for dear life!

"Our distinguished fellow-citizen receives Carnegie medal for bravery." Crowd before the City Hall, cheering madly while the mayor pins the medal on his breast. Business picks up, soon there's a factory ten times as big as Healy's. Pop in a salt-and-pepper suit, a twenty-cent cigar between

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his teeth, dictating to a row of stenographers. Mary the mistress of a home in Oak Hill: "The man that rescued a hundred people in the flood? Yes, that's my husband."

Shortly after midnight a guard patrolling the river bank caught sight of the hunched figure under the bridge.

"Hey, you, what you doing here this time of night? Drunk, air ye?"

Pop came to with a start. "No, jist hangin' 'round handy. Is she risin' any?"

"Rising? Hell, no, she's going down, everyone's left. Get a move on you!"

Grunting with the pain of using his cramped muscles, Pop made his careful way to the ground. The soft mud sucked at his boots so that he was winded after a few steps. He toiled across the Flats past silent houses. Before his mean little cottage he stopped to catch his breath. Rags in gaping windows puffed grotesquely in the wind. Shingles blew off the already leaky roof. In the yard were flying papers, piles of trash, and everywhere mud, mud, mud.

He opened the front door. The odor of poverty met his nostrils, rank, overpowering. He stepped across Ben and Evan, lying asleep on the floor. Awhile he sat on the edge of the bed where Mary slept with the three babies, then he dropped his damp clothing, crept between the scanty covers and fell asleep.

THE rain began again Sunday and on Monday morning flood news held front-page space. Pop was too deep in trouble, however, to go near the river. While he was at work in the shed a cop appeared in the doorway.

"You the father of Evan White?"

"Yup."

"Then come with me to Juvenile Court. Your kid was caught with some others just now throwing coal from cars in the railroad yards."

Stupified, heart-sick, Pop followed. His twelve-year-old son before the judge? Of course the children "picked up," most of the people on the Flats got their fuel that way. But how came Evan to be a thief?

A terrible two hours followed. In the Court House he waited dumbly. Finally an official ushered him into the judge's private chambers. There he saw Evan, tear-stained, frightened, ashamed, standing with some other kids before the desk.

Judge Rayford talked with the boys in a kindly voice. An older chap, they said, had urged them on, then run away. Yes, they knew it was stealing, they wouldn't do it again.

"Dangerous business, anyway, this picking up coal in the yards, too many accidents, and this petty thievery is the next step."

The Judge turned sternly to the half-dozen parents who stood behind the young offenders. "I'll decide about these boys on Saturday, it's you parents I want to talk with now. Can't you take care of your families without resorting to picking up coal?" He singled out Pop. "What's your business?"

"I makes and sells bluing, yer Honor."

"What income?"

Silence. All the people staring at Pop, waiting for an answer.

"Some weeks purty good, some weeks not so good." His quavering voice at last.

"Can't you get a regular job?"

A longer silence.

"Well?"

"I used ter work at Healy's, yer Honor."

"Better go after a job there. It's the workhouse for non-support. Next."

The official led him out of the room, Evan clinging tightly to his arm. Father and son walked along the street in wordless misery. Stealing—the workhouse for non-support—"better go after that job." And give up his business, his car? He couldn't!

THEY came home to mad disorder. The river was way beyond the danger line and had already flooded the houses farther down. Neighbors were hurriedly carrying out their belongings. Mary was crying silently as she emptied bureau drawers while the babies kicked and screamed upon the bed. She looked up fearfully as the two stood in the doorway.

"He's got ter go back Sat'day, the Jedge 'll decide then." Pop dropped to the floor, began mechanically helping his wife tie clothing into a soiled blanket.

"Oh, it's your fault," she wailed, "if you sold the car and got a job the children wouldn't have to pick up coal."

"Maybe I better see Healy." Pop's head sank upon his breast.

By supper time their movable possessions were out of the house. Nobody wanted to eat.

"Where's my boots? I better go now and see if I can help below. All of you's stay right here. If they's danger I'll come quick."

From the bridge Pop watched the scows making their way from house to house. Firemen rowed the boats, policemen kept order on the bridge, social workers directed the refugees to food and shelter. Far from being the hero of the hour, Pop found himself impatiently elbowed out of the way.

He started home. Steadily the river was spilling over, though the embankment still held. In his own yard the water stood three feet high. Panting, he rushed to the house, opened the door.

"Mary!"

The empty rooms echoed his voice.

"Where air ye? Susie, Emmy, Ben!"

No answer.

He leaned weakly against the wall. Had they grown afraid, started after him, their natural protector? The babies would be sick, out in the wet and cold. He thought of his two little girls, sniffling all the time since the grippe, about to go to the hospital with their adenoids.

"Oh, why did I leave 'em here? I might have fetched 'em safe first!"

THE flood was coming higher. In the yard he gasped, dismayed. The black water had obliterated the fence, the sign above the bluing shed. Nannette he found drowned in her stall—forgotten.

He tried to float his wife's washtub, but it leaked hopelessly. Scrambling over the roofs of the shed and the lean-to garage he crawled to the ridge-pole of the house.

Buffeted by the wind, he clung there, peering out on the black water, vainly hoping for some sign that his family was safe. Drowned? Mischievous, laughing Susie and shy

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little Emmy, so strangely distant lately? Ben, ragging him all the time to sell the car, but his idolized eldest son? Evan, whom he'd wronged without, God knows, meaning to? His faithful, patient old woman who'd pinched and scraped so they could live?

"I aint done right by 'em. The jedge was right, I orter git a job!"

Then he thought of the Ford, his pride and joy. He exulted that she was safe, being overhauled at Jim's garage.

"But I'll give 'er up—I got to. If I find Mary and the kids, I'll give 'er up."

Toward morning a rescue party found him.

"Have you seen my family?" he screamed.

"He's half dippy with fright," said a fireman. "Maybe the disaster committee can tell you about your family, my little man."

Things faded out. When Pop came to, he was lying in a white bed in a long white room. Sunshine streamed through bright windows. Bending over him was the anxious face of the Charity Lady.

Pop blinked, gasped, struggled. "Where am I?" Then, as he remembered things with a rush, "Oh, Miss Allison, have you seen my family?"

She laid a cool hand on his head.

"Yes," she said, "this morning. They're safe and sound in one of the tenements on Market Street."

"Oh, thank God, thank God!" Weak and shaken, he sobbed unrestrainedly.

MARGARET sat beside the bed, began quietly to tell him what had happened.

"When the water kept coming they got scared. Ben started after you but was afraid by the time he got to the bridge it might be too late. Susie thought of Neighborhood House, so Mary bundled up the babies—yes, good and warm—and they went there. The disaster committee has headquarters at the settlement, and the Red Cross had me directing the families to rooms, so I got your folks fixed up right away."

"They might have drowned fer all of me," remarked Pop passionately, "though I meant to do right by 'em! Don't know why I always make a botch of things. Ben calls me 'loafer,' Susie 'n Emmy's ashamed to bring they beaux home, Evan's before the jedge 'cause I let him pick up coal." He turned in bed so that he caught a distant glimpse of the swollen river. "Even my bluing business didn't work like it orter, and now my factory's ruined. Reckon I'll see Healy about a job."

Margaret's eloquent grey eyes spoke mute sympathy.

"And I reckon," Pop continued, "Mary and the kids would be better off if I sold the car. You don't know how all-gone I feel when I think of givin' her up. Never had nothin' I wanted—skinny kid, always kicked around—houseboat—no schoolin' to speak of—never learned no trade—and Gosha'mighty you git sick of factory work, day in, day out!" His lip trembled. "Seems like that car's all I got."

"I didn't know," Margaret said gently, "it meant so much. I see. Perhaps, some way—"

"I done made up my mind to git a job. Ben, maybe he'll buck up, too."

"Oh, I meant to tell you about Ben. The specialist at the dispensary who helps young folks decide how they can be happy—psychiatrist, they call him—said Ben isn't stupid like you feared, but was loafing because he wasn't interested in his work. The boy wants to study mechanics."

Pop's face glowed. "Wished I could send him to trade school."

"You don't need to. There's a night course in mechanics and I found a job for him at Jim's garage. Ben wanted me to tell you; he's very happy."

Four days later, over the first meal at home, Pop announced his intention of selling the Ford. Afterward he slipped away from the jubilant family for one last spin in the country.

BETWEEN the highway and the now shrinking river lay the Flats, mud-soaked, drab, dishevelled. Presently the lowlands gave way to bluffs. New grass was springing, trees wore tufts of yellowish green. The magic of spring revived Pop's drooping spirits.

Fifteen or sixteen miles out he came upon a man piling stones behind the rear wheels of a heavy roadster that stood hub-deep in the mud of a side road.

"Hello," he called, drawing up, "need help?"

The man turned swiftly and Pop recognized Judge Rayford.

"I sure do! If I could lay some boards for her front wheels to run on when I start the engine, maybe I could pull out."

They stripped a couple of boards from the fence. The judge climbed in, started the engine, but the mud was too slippery; the wheels wouldn't catch.

"You caint do it."

"How far is it to Cloversdale?"

"Ten mile."

"Telephone near here?"

"I passed a house three mile back."

Judge Rayford groaned.

Pop considered the situation. "That road's too narrer 'n too muddy to git my car past and hitched to your'n. Air ye in a rush?"

"Due at the City Hall in half an hour. Principal speaker at the Red Cross meeting. Started down this road to see what the river's like up here. Could have made it except for this wet spot."

"I'll drive you to the City Hall."

"What about my car?"

"Leave her. Got a wheel-lock? My boy in Jim's garage 'll fetch her in."

The rickety Ford wheezed and groaned, rocked from side to side, curtains flapping, the wind blowing through a dozen holes in the top.

Once Judge Rayford spoke. "Sorry to take you from your business. What line do you follow?"

"Bluing."

Judge Rayford gave his benefactor a searching look. "Oh, you're the little man. Might as well tell you, Miss Allison came to me yesterday and asked that your son be put on probation to her. I shall grant her request."

"Oh, thank you, Jedge."

Pop fed gas, gripped the wheel more firmly. The Flats with their home-made shacks and frowsy cottages came into view. On across the tracks, cut through Primrose Alley to Market Street. Slow down to fifteen miles an hour, keep your eye on the cop. On and on. There's the Civic Center with a crowd pouring into the City Hall.

Pop drew up at the curb (*Continued on page* 392)

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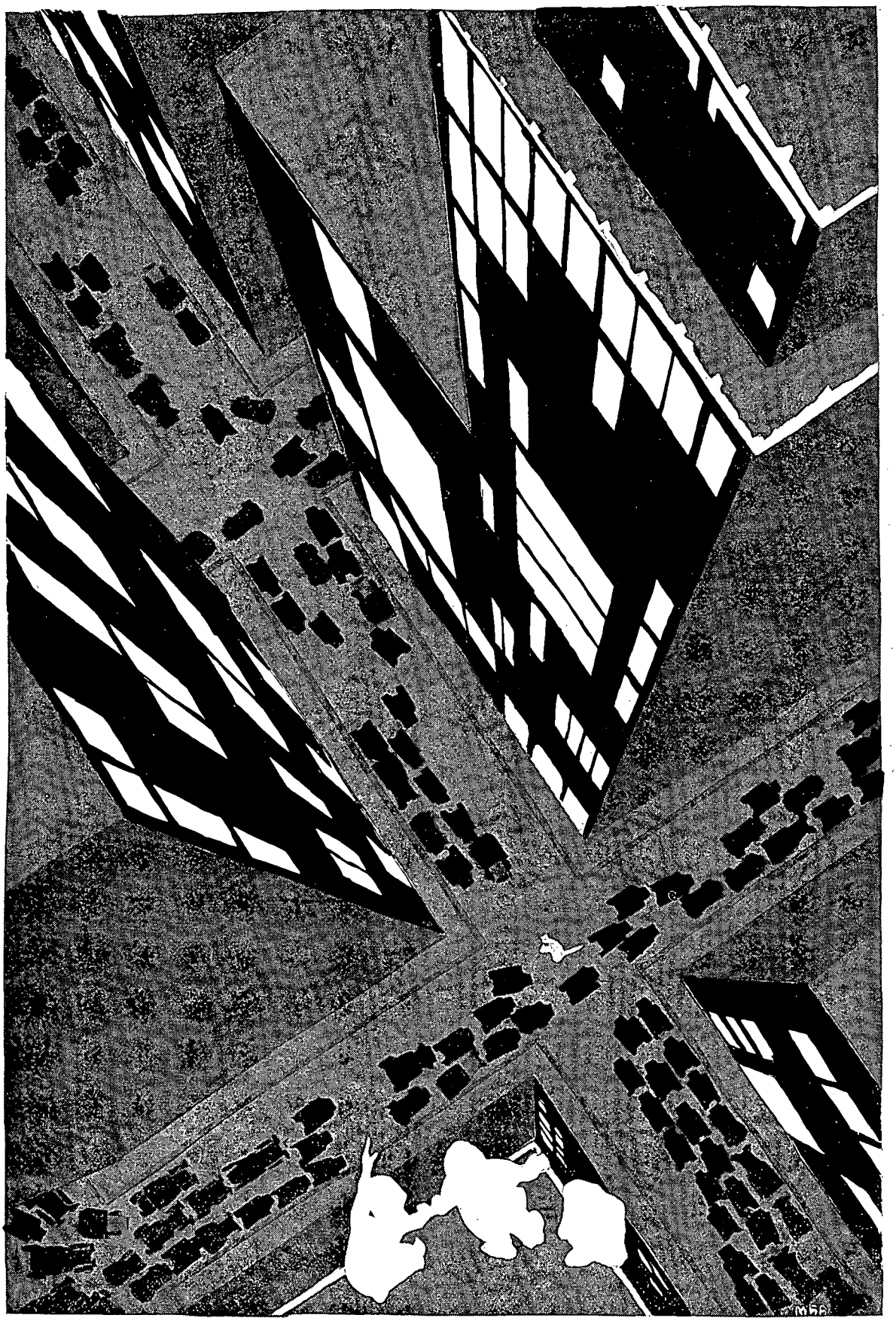
SCISSORS PICTURE BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE



X. THE FARMER LOOKS DOWN ON NEW YORK

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O Pioneer!

By JOSEPH K. HART

A CERTAIN young American has been made an honorary alumnus of the Superior Normal School of France. True, he has been feted by premiers, and kings and presidents, awarded the Cross of the Legion and the Flying Cross; acclaimed by whole peoples at twenty-five. The French scholars may have been caught by mob emotion, may have endeavored by this graceful gesture to win a bit of the spotlight for themselves. They may have been fooled; but, on the other hand, they may have shown unbelievable prescience in bestowing this honor which comes to none but men of special achievement in the field of the mind.

What was—what is this American boy's education?

He has long been called "Lucky Lindbergh" by his own countrymen and the French seized upon that other nickname which heralded his setting forth. They meant by "the flying fool," however, not what we should mean by those words but rather that he was endowed with a supreme audacity and the genius of courage. But in both cases, he won these appellations because he did not tell the world all he knew. It now appears that he reduced the element of luck to an absolute minimum in all his performances, and that his courage was not that of the "fool," at all, but that of the true pioneer. He turns out to have been a very thoughtful sailor of the air, weighing every factor that was involved in his operations. As he has told the story of his preparation and his flight there is revealed a steady mind and a trained hand. He was, as far as mortal man may be, not merely captain of his machine but also captain of his soul. Highly technical skill and every latest aid to air navigation gave his spirit the assurance that if the thing could be done, he could do it.

Moreover, as we have read of his response to plaudits that would have turned the head of a conquering hero home from the wars, and countered seductions of those who would capitalize every high and generous moment—as we have seen him distinguish between fool's gold and the wealth that comes of real work—we have been compelled, again, to admit that here is a youth who has a mind of his own, who knows what that mind is and what it wants, and who is able, as few far older men have been, to keep his wits about him, even in the midst of a world-wide hullaballoo. If Mind is the criterion of admission to a place among the scholarly, here is one apprentice worthy of the guild: he is educated, so far, and on his way to further education.

If we are to judge by the bulletins where military enlistments go forward, the army is claiming him as its special product. He was, in fact, a student for a time in a military academy; and he was an enlisted man in the army air service for a year. But it is perfectly obvious, aside from the record of his life, that discipline is not devised to hatch individual pioneers of this sort. At most, the army gave him opportunity to practice and perfect his technical skill and, of course, that was a very great advantage. But—that is not education!

He was a student for a time at the University of Wisconsin. Yet the story of his career there indicates that in a year and half of university life he did not pass in a single course. That does not mean that he did not learn anything at the university. He seems to have registered, regularly, in courses that he wanted to take; he seems to have done the things in the chosen courses that he wanted to do; and when those things were done, he seems to have snapped his fingers at the idea of credits, and gone on about his business. That he could learn is shown by the fact that he attained an average of 93 per cent in his subjects of study during his year in the army aviation service. But that he was educated in *schools* civic or military—for this there is little available evidence. We must look elsewhere for our explanation if the French scholars were right.

His mother has told the story of his early years. Everything that he ever did, she says, he did by himself. He lived more to himself than most boys. He was never "goody-goody." He does not take after any one of his relatives. He was and is—just himself. He had many "scraps" in childhood, but he always handled them, himself. He was never ill, save with the measles. He lived his childhood out of doors on the Minnesota farm, and there he developed in the companionship of the woods and fields, animals and machines, his audaciously natural and simple personality.

With his dog for companion, he would spend whole days alone in the woods. He had a boat, on a lake in the woods. He had designed and built the boat himself, and he and his dog took long cruises together. A lone trip across the Atlantic was not impossible for a boy who had grown up in the solitude of the woods and waters.

When he was a bit older he had a horse. He learned all the tricks of riding, including "broncho busting," and made the horse the means of his mastery of ever larger reaches of his Minnesota world.

His schooling was always irregular. His father was elected to Congress from Minnesota when Charles was but four years old, and the family came and went from west to east at the irregular seasons of congressional sessions. He attended a Washington high school, but much of his formal "education" came from the coaching which his mother gave him. "He was not hard to teach," she says, "but I must confess he did not study hard on things that did not interest him." Charles Darwin was thrown out of the University of Cambridge for the same reason.

HE began to find himself fully when he got his first motorcycle. He "puttered about" with this machine. He took long tours over the country with it, and later with his first automobile. Mastering these vehicles of the new century, and the countryside made available by means of them, made up the record of his early youth. At the age of fourteen he was able to run all the machines on his father's farm, and he was, during the war years, practically the manager of the farm.

Now he seems to have learned more than how to start

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and stop a machine: he seems to have learned the theory of the thing, and with it its mathematics. At any rate, when he came upon his first flying machine, he mastered it not merely as a bit of mechanism but as an instrument of navigation and as a means of discovery. His mother says that by this time he had become independent in mind and spirit: "The story of his aviation is his own story. I had nothing to do with it, and I never sought to interfere." A free spirit, armed with the technical understanding and the skill of handling instruments that enable that free spirit to go its own way in the world: that was Lindbergh at the age of twenty-two—the normal age of graduation from college or university. Was he educated?

He is clear-headed, naif; untrained in the ways of cities, yet able to meet scholars, presidents, kings and queens with dignity—with something of that "natural simplicity" which Fenimore Cooper used to attribute to the pioneer hero of his Leatherstocking Tales. When offers of millions have been thrown at him, he has quietly answered: "I expect to go on doing the things that are in me to do. I am an air man. I shall do no blood and thunder stuff. But I shall turn down no offer that promises me the chance to do what I want to do: refusing such a chance would be neither courteous nor intelligent!" He is an educated man who is able to deal with life courteously and intelligently.

TO be sure, there was good stock to begin with. His grandfather Lindbergh was a member of the Swedish parliament and a pioneer in the great woods of northern Minnesota, where stories of his independence still are to be heard. His father was an insurgent member of Congress for ten years. On his mother's side there is evidence of equally good stock.

But good stock is easily ruined in the modern world, as can be seen in the history of the later generations of many a "good family." Lindbergh's inheritance was not wasted or dissipated, either by his own folly, or by the enforcement of unintelligent institutional disciplines.

True, that proves nothing for the rest of us; in fact, have we not always heard that the exception proves the rule? And does that not mean that Lindbergh's success outside the usual run proves how necessary the usual run is for all the rest of us!

The two most common types of "exception" are the criminal and the genius. Now it must be obvious that Lindbergh can scarcely be classed as a criminal, unless flying into France without a passport visa would so qualify him in these timorous times.

But, is he a "genius"? Well, no one would have said so ten weeks ago. He has courage—the courage of youth—and audacity. How did he save these qualities through the years? Would a graduate of our schools, who had carefully conned his lessons, made high grades for sixteen years in all subjects, and bent to all the conformities of the campus, sail off alone across the Atlantic? Must we not admit that this pioneering urge remained to this audacious youth because he had never submitted completely to the repressions of the world and its jealous institutions? At least, must not this explanation be admitted to court along with all the others?

But why should anyone want to call him a "genius"? Primarily because that classification would, for most of us, release him from the ordinary rules of existence; and it would release the rest of us from the necessity of learning anything from his career. Thus, we could rejoice with him in his triumph, and then go back to the contracted routines of our institutional ways and, with good face, reject every critical implication of his accomplishment. And, if even then we were a bit uneasy over the existence of this type of unsuspected "genius" in our midst, we could help celebrate his return to his native land by covering the wings of his spirit with cloying adulations as the sleet threatened his plane in midocean, until in sheer fatigue he should drop from his high course and become one with the commonplace rest of us.

Doubtless, as the world runs, ninety-nine per cent of us must be content to be shaped and moulded by the routine ways and forms of the world to the routine tasks of life. But, if the sort of thing that young Lindbergh did is really to be regarded as admirable, then should we not be anxious to secure to the youth of the land opportunities for more of the kind of education Lindbergh so fortunately worked out for himself? I do not intend to suggest how that sort of education can be assured; but a land and an age that can do great things in mechanics ought not to be balked by equally great undertakings in the realm of the spirit!

Certainly, in the response that the world—especially the world of great cities—has made to the performances of this mid-western boy, we can read of the homesickness of the human soul, immured in city canyons and routine tasks, for the freer world of youth, for the open spaces of the pioneer, for the joy of battling with nature and clean storms once more on the frontiers of the earth.

Was It Luck?

Charles A. Lindbergh and his father, farmer, pacifist, radical, for ten years a member of the Farmer-Labor group in Congress, Nonpartisan League candidate for governor of Minnesota. The grandfather was a member of the Swedish parliament, a pioneer in our Northwest. In school and at the University of Wisconsin, Lindbergh studied only what interested him. His education came from his boyhood on the farm and his early ability to run all the farm machinery

Photo by International Newsreel

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"See Your Doctor"

By DONALD B. ARMSTRONG

THOUSANDS and perhaps hundreds of thousands of letters are written by residents of the United States each year seeking health and medical advice. These come for the most part to national agencies such as the United States Public Health Service, the national voluntary health and medical societies, the daily press health columnists, and the life insurance companies. While helpful advice and guidance can be given to a certain percentage of these inquiries, yet if the experience of one of these "national information bureaus" is any guide, then the large bulk of correspondence that ensues is futile for reasons inherent in the procedure.

One man or woman in twenty seeks advice concerning a particular phase of a community health organization and can intelligently be referred to the national or local organization interested in that activity. One person in twenty raises a simple, theoretical question of personal hygiene, concerning diet or rest or exercise or an immunological procedure such as the use of diphtheria toxin-antitoxin—and can be legitimately answered on impersonal, theoretical lines. Perhaps one in twenty seeks guidance with reference to an advertised and fraudulent "cure" and can be safely advised. Still another seeks a reference to health literature or a request for a health pamphlet and can be safely instructed.

However, while this is an impressionistic estimate and not a statistical calculation, there remain about sixteen out of the twenty who are or who think they are ill, who have tried or plan to try medical service, or advertised cures, and who want medical advice. Some of these sixteen are new in their community and want the name of a reliable physician. Some want to find a specialist, though that may not be what they need. Some submit symptoms and want a diagnosis and suggestions for treatment by mail. To the great majority of these, what is the answer? The answer is, "See your doctor." Why is this a futile reply? Because they haven't any doctor, or don't know the right kind, or don't know how to find a specialist, or don't know the difference between a qualified practitioner of medicine and a "doctor" of any one of the flourishing varieties of quackery.

"There is no clinic in my community—how can I get a thorough health examination?"

"I would like to have my child immunized. Please tell me what physician to go to and what he will charge?" If there is no free Health Department immunization service in this community, the answer is, "Take it up with a reliable physician." Will they? Probably not, for they knew that before, and the actual inquiries raised have not been answered.

Partly as a result of the lack of intimate medical guidance—previously given to a degree at least by the family doctor, the priest, the pastor—there is a growing distrust in orthodox medicine. This is naturally fostered by the cults. Strangely enough, this distrust and antipathy are furthered by pessimists in the ranks of medicine itself.

"The rank and file of physicians are hopeless."

"The average doctor does about as much harm as he does good."

Admiration has been expressed for the courage of the medical man who gets up before a professional group and declares that doctors and nurses are much overvalued, and ". . . don't save lives anyway." One sometimes wonders whether this is courage or an effort to be conspicuous. Is it a conscious effort to appraise the value of medical service at its true worth, or an unconscious manifestation of exhibitionism, or perhaps both?

At any rate, it would seem that medical practice is somewhat on trial and is going to be compelled to answer such questions as, Why send them to a doctor anyway? Why call the nurse? Do doctors really save lives?

Now these questions are perhaps rather hard to answer statistically, yet the clinical evidence seems clear. Aside from the physical comfort and mental reassurance which the nurse and the doctor frequently give, is there ever any immediate, vital, life-saving, or life-prolonging service which the doctor performs? This may be somewhat aside from the problem of general medical guidance, but it is an interesting and significant aside.

Doctors do save lives! It seems obvious that the surgeon who diagnoses an appendix about to rupture and removes it, frequently saves the patient's life. The physician who examines his patient, finds an incipient case of pulmonary tuberculosis, advises with reference to rest, food, and other methods of treatment, makes provision for home or institutional care, and arranges also for the necessary nursing service, plays a big part in saving his patient's life. A physician who by examination makes a diagnosis of a moderately advanced, yet more or less controllable heart lesion, and gives competent medical advice as to a conservative and compensating regime for living, not only saves that person's life, but may very materially prolong it.

DID the striking decline in diphtheria mortality following the discovery of diphtheria antitoxin not prove clearly that the doctors in those days who were giving antitoxin early in the disease and in sufficiently large doses, were literally saving thousands of lives? Take the boy with "growing pains." He is taken to the doctor with vague symptoms, but enlarged and infected tonsils are discovered. Almost certainly their removal in many instances prevents further rheumatic sequelae, very possibly including incapacitating if not fatal heart lesions and premature death. Think of the numerous mastoids that are prevented each year by the thousands of middle ear infections that are relieved by skillful yet simple and obvious surgical treatment. Or consider even measles, prior to the days of convalescent serum: did the old family doctor with his gracious, comforting kindly reassurance, and with his suggestions about symptomatic treatment and the environment of the sickroom, together with his detection of danger signals of pneumonia

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—did he ever prevent the development of the more serious complications of this disease? He undoubtedly did!

One should perhaps also remember what goes on in the everyday life of the psychiatrist. The manic-depressives diagnosed, institutionalized, and treated—does this save lives? Even with the best of medical care, it is stated that about 80 per cent of manic-depressives ultimately commit suicide. Were it not, however, for the type of treatment that arrests many cases of this affliction, it is believed by psychiatrists that this suicide rate would certainly approximate 100 per cent. Furthermore, those effectively treated are known in hundreds of instances to lead useful, creative lives.

OF course the test for the skeptic is to be found when he is face to face with distressing illness in his own family. Let us suppose a wife or child ill with pneumonia. Will he or will he not call an experienced clinician? Is he likely to see any advantage in having cultures taken, in having the organism typed, possibly in using a pneumonia serum? Is he likely to find that after all there is considerable advantage in having in the home a nurse with excellent professional training, who knows how at least to carry out the doctor's orders, and to give general care leading to the comfort of the patient? Even comfort will seem of considerable importance and not altogether inseparable from the factors that bear upon the life and death chances of the patient.

Finally, consider a case of typhoid in any poor industrial home. For some reason, hospitalization is impracticable. Does even hourly bedside visiting on the part of a nurse have any bearing upon the patient's prospects of recovery? The nurse goes into the home, working under the doctor's directions, and able intelligently to follow out his directions. She is trained to make the best of the hygienic possibilities of the home environment. She is trained to instruct other members of the family to care for the patient during her absence. Given equally severe types of the disease in different homes, with the doctor and the nurse in attendance, even though intermittently, in one home, and no medical or nursing provision in the other—on which patient's life would you like to wager?

It apparently is not necessary to go very far in the clinical field in order to reach the point of feeling quite justified in referring people to doctors and nurses. This is especially true when you consider the alternatives, which are either no care at all, or miscare under quackery. If doctors "do not save lives," where lies the patient's next best chance—with no doctor at all or with the quack or anti-medical artist of one type or another?

However, in spite of all of this clinical evidence, there are no very clear-cut figures as to just how much doctors, as such, do save lives. We do have some very significant data on the advantageous effect of the combination of doctors, nurses, and personal health education. I refer here to the mortality experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company among its industrial policyholders. During the period 1911 to 1926, this combination of services was offered to millions of policyholders. It included, primarily, nursing care of the acutely ill, a privilege which was extended to policyholders, however, only when they were under the care of a regular, licensed physician. Now, it is interesting to note that the decline in mortality among these industrial policyholders, in excess of the decline in the Registration Area of the United States, for the same period, represents a cumulative net saving of 275,000 lives. This means, incidentally, a saving of about sixty-five million dollars in death claims, which in a mutual, cooperative enterprise such as the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, goes back to the members of the association, or the policyholders in dividends, or cheaper insurance. For the period 1911 to 1925, the average duration of life among the industrial policyholders of the Metropolitan has increased by 8.88 years, whereas for the Registration Area, this increase has been only 5.16 years. Admittedly, it is impossible to ascertain what proportion of this excess improvement in mortality results from medical service, what from nursing service, and what from health education. But as the health education was carried out in large part in homes subject to medical care, and as the nursing service was extended only to homes with the advantage of medical care, it seems to be an experience that materially supports our clinical belief that we are still justified in urging people to "see the doctor."

After all, we recommend that people "see the doctor" not only to save their lives. It is important also for them to see the doctor for the scientific treatment of minor ills. Prompt medical diagnosis and treatment will lessen even partial incapacity, and will decrease the cost of limitable illness. The physician, particularly in the immediate future, will be expected not only to treat minor disease and to save life in threatened major catastrophes, but will also detect incipient lesions when curable, and give hygienic advice as to health conserving methods of living. In many instances, if he does nothing more after a thorough examination than to confer upon the patient "the grand and glorious feeling" that his symptoms are of slight importance, that he is functioning normally, and still going strong, he will be performing a very valuable mental hygienic service in this neurotic age.

How, what, in more detail, do people who seek medical advice by mail want to know? What do they ask about? We have already indicated in a rough way, the range of these inquiries, and what percentage of them results in a worth while correspondence. Of course, not all of the inquiries are serious:

"Is certified milk fattening? I would like to fatten my husband, and at present he weighs only ninety-eight pounds soaking wet."

ONE lady writes that she is suffering from "an enlargement of the oriole in her throat." A man, after stating that he is "64 years old" and "used to ride 40 miles on wheel before breakfast" complains of photophobia, and adds "extreme sensitiveness to light: it makes me tired." Another correspondent complains that he is unable to detect odors as readily as other people, and asks "which of the exercises is best for this failing of mine."

Some questions, such as the following are obviously easy to answer in a way that promises to be somewhat helpful.

"There is an old nut in my place of business that doesn't believe in vaccination, etc., and goes around preaching her doctrine, and I would like to prove to her that she is wrong. Not being an authority myself, I have quite a time of it."

"Will you kindly send me any booklets or other literature you may have on the subject of the care, cure, and prevention of tuberculosis."

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"Do you know if there is a book on cancer which would tell something about the development of it, and how the patient is affected?"

"Have you any information as to the prevention of measles and scarlet fever?"

"What is the theory on which the practice of vaccination or the use of serums is based?"

As we implied earlier, however, the great majority raise questions that are either not easy to answer directly, or that cannot be answered at all without direct medical information concerning the patient's condition or that can only be answered effectively with some opportunity for further more or less intimate medical guidance and follow-up. Frauds and advertised "cures" stimulate many inquiries. A routine reply is not always an adequate answer to such inquiries as the following:

"My wife and I have almost made up our minds to try an advertised cure for diabetes. Yet we are hesitating and decided that you might possibly give us what knowledge you have of the Sanborn treatment for diabetes."

"We would like to know whether you think Ovaltine is harmful or not. I have trouble in sleeping."

"I am forty pounds overweight and would like to reduce. Is there anything injurious in the Marmola tablets?"

"I would greatly appreciate your opinion by return mail on the advisability of the use of reducing soap when applied to a full bust or a fat face."

A SUFFERER from cancer writes: "Am I wasting valuable time in trying to purge myself through the blood?"

A supposed sufferer from anaemia asks whether there is any way to put hemoglobin in the blood "without resorting to so-called patient medicines."

Then, it is not surprising how many inquiries reflect the previously mentioned extensive and possibly growing discontent with and distrust for the orthodox medical profession. This is reflected in questions from individuals who have not yet broken away from the medical fold, but who for one reason or another question the validity of medical advice and the ability of the medical profession. This is found especially in communications with reference to periodic health examinations.

For many years, health departments and voluntary health agencies have been urging people to go to their doctors for an annual health examination. Unfortunately, the medical profession both individually and in an organized way, was slow to take up this movement. Consequently, they were not, and indeed are not yet to any great extent, equipped or mentally adjusted to give the type of service required in this field of personal hygiene and the private practice of preventive medicine. Yet people are to a greater and greater degree going to their doctors for this service. With what result? "Some doctors don't seem to know what you are driving at when you come in and say that nothing is the matter with you but you want to be examined." Another writes: "It has been my experience when I have asked for such an examination, I only receive the examination in one local spot, and must have a number of visits, and this is not satisfactory." Another: "Where would you advise a person to go in order to get a good, efficient, general examination? Personally, I don't know of a physicion in whom I have enough confidence to make a good examination." Another requests a definite outline of what an examination should cover, and adds: "I feel that the average physician's examination is entirely too superficial unless he follows an outline prescribed. . . ." Hundreds of letters ask that a local physician be recommended, which it is ordinarily impracticable to do. "I wish to be thoroughly examined so will you please send me the name of a doctor." "What physician or at what hospital could I get a complete physical examination, including X-ray inspection of teeth and other parts?" "Could you kindly advise me where three members of one family may have thorough examinations and obtain correct analysis of their conditions, and recommendation on how to live to gain good health, also at what cost this may be obtained?"

These health examination inquiries represent the type of mind that is looking to some extent for preventive medical advice. But after all, the great bulk of the inquiries come down to one thing, namely, a need for sound medical guidance with reference to diagnosis and treatment, and particularly to treatment. Now, of course, diagnoses cannot be made by mail, treatment cannot be advised by mail. The only answer to a considerable bulk of these inquiries is "consult your physician." "Are my decayed teeth affecting my general health?" "What diet would you suggest for me: I work indoors?" "How long should treatment for a four-plus Wassermann be continued?" "Would you advise the use of insulin in my case?" These illustrations might be listed by the thousand, where the only answer is "consult your doctor or dentist." That is the only answer, and a corollary to it is the increased opportunity and responsibility of the medical profession for meeting these seekers after health with sympathy and intelligence. It involves not only increased medical service, but a growing opportunity for the practice, on an individual basis, of preventive medicine.

It is perfectly obvious that these people can be helped only by direct contact with competent medical service. Most of them need a thorough examination, specific advice as to treatment, and continued medical follow-up. Other types of inquiries which can be wisely and helpfully handled only by local, direct, and intimate contact are to be found in the fields of mental hygiene, heart disease: "Can you suggest some special doctor who might be able to put me on my feet again;" gastro-intestinal conditions, "I would appreciate it very much if you would tell me of a good diagnostician as I suffer greatly from indigestion;" orthopedics, "I have suffered with foot troubles for eleven years. Can you recommend an orthopedist to me?" dermatology, ". . . sores on my arms and body. Can you do anything for me either by sending or recommending a doctor?" ophthalmology, "I wonder if you would please give me the name of an eye doctor;" roentgenology, "Would be very grateful if you could supply me with the address of a reliable X-ray house. We are working people and cannot afford to take chances with the quacks;" glandular therapy, "Can you recommend a good doctor for simple goiter—one whose charges are reasonable?"

Then, again, in this field of treatment as well as in the field of prevention, the correspondence reiterated a growing and certainly decidedly critical attitude toward medical service.

"I have been having throat trouble for a good many years. An examination institute (*Continued on page* 393)

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Scripts for the Summer Solstice

THE great annual pother over summer reading is upon us. Shall we read light literature during dog days or seize the long hours to win through the serious books we have missed in the hurly-burly of the year? There is only one precise rule: Do what you like. Slogging through great tomes for conscience sake will profit you little, nor will stuffing your crop with fiction. Part of every well-planned vacation should, of course, be devoted to the blessed anodyne of detective stories; but for the rest, most light books do not draw you deep enough into fantasy or puzzle you with character or even tease you enough with plot to make you forget yourself. Therefore, I have made earnest search to discover a summer list that will entertain because the books mean something, and yet will never bore you with sodden fact or profitless theory.

For pure delight compact of dare-deviltry and exotic thrills I would put first in my traveler's bag—Revolt in the Desert, by T. E. Lawrence. Here are a dozen Beau Gestes made into one gorgeous sun-drenched tale of war, Arab sheiks, intrigue, and blazing desert landscapes. This is a whole new cut of life revealed in brilliant words by the gentleman Crusader who helped England break the Turk's control in Palestine and Mesopotamia. The gist of this Arabian night is a long train of camel-riders padding through the shadows to blow up a railroad with very modern dynamite. Here are alarums and excursions, blood and valor, enough to make you forget anything . . . and it's all true. On the sense side, you will learn geography and folk-lore and Oriental politics and the ethics of the desert, and perceive again what makes the sun refuse to set on the British Empire. The bright words of those charges over the sands to Allah or to loot will wake your dull blood; and the tale of how the Sherif feeds his guest on whole lambs will keep you chuckling into the night and give you sympathetic indigestion. Yes, this book will lend color to a week of summer (or winter) for it is an outdoor book, a man's book, a book of fantasy and style and humor and it proves that skyscrapers are dull things.

For drama I offer you two volumes. First, Paul Green's The Field God and In Abraham's Bosom, the Pulitzer Prize play. They should be read out of doors where you are close to the manoeuvres of haymaking and the revolving cycles of the soil. Both are born of the earth, the earth as it yields human aspiration and tragedy in the fields of North Carolina. They deal with elementals—the struggle of a Negro visionary to make his dreams come true, and the way primitive passions bend and create a tiny group on a farm. The summer is a good time to return to elementals and to remember that man is only articulate dust and must find in Mother Earth his strength whether from hard-won crops or primitive emotions. These are sad plays, but not discouraging. They read well, being independent of the artifices of the stage. No vacation is perfect without tears

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for tears make the sunshine more blessed and here are tears for the hard fate of good men and dreamers in an irreconcilable world.

In Marco Millions you will find a new Eugene O'Neill, an O'Neill who takes the material of Sinclair Lewis and works it into the impudence and gayety of Bernard Shaw. It's a bravura piece with as many chuckles in it as you found in Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra. This fantastic satire on big business and human vanity pictures the greatest traveling salesman of all time, Marco Polo, who made his million and won the love of Kublai Khan's daughter, but left her to return to Venice and Donata—who "is a mighty fine little woman," and whose picture he carried in a locket all the time and showed on small provocation. Marco, who told the truth and so won the reputation of Prince of Liars, is shown as a kind of poetical Babbitt who wanders among strange people and many religions, and untouched by anything, lets the light of his horse-sense in on the heathen.

HE goes through the Arabian Nights talking the lingo of the Pullman smoker, even telling the jokes! Here is satire and symbolism directed at our modern commercial crassness, but ever and anon lit up by that flash of mystic poetry O'Neill shares with all Celts. There is a pure and moving beauty about the love and marriage and death of the little Princess that could only come from Ireland. The play marks a mile-stone for O'Neill, I think, for it cuts deeper and sweeter into the final emotions of life in a way never done before, and displays an intellectual mastery over his material that promises a sureness in his future plays we have sometimes missed amid the gropings of The Fountain and The Great God Brown. Life is beautiful and tragic and funny to this man, and that always means great art.

While I speak of poetry let me urge you to read Edward Robinson's last poem, Tristram. The old legend has never been told with more dignity and emotion, nor in lines that possess such human simplicity and life-likeness. These kings and princesses with fair white hands are not vague symbols, but suffering people who move to their doom with the same wonderment and pain that leaps onto the front pages of the newspapers sometimes in this very year. This is a better love story to read on a summer's afternoon than are those cheap and cynic things parading in too many modern novels. You might also stick in your pocket the new set of Pamphlet Poets issued for twenty-five cents. These include some of the best from Emerson, Witter Bynner, Edna Millay, Emily Dickinson, and two groups selected from the New York Wits, running all the way from Clement Moore to H. C. Bunner and Guy Carryl, and from four Negro poets.

WE are opulent in biography these days so I dare only recommend two volumes that have amused and instructed me. Lloyd Morris presents a picture of Hawthorne that shows the man and his setting better than anything I know. His odd and austere mother and strange sisters and the life they led in the dim Salem house account for much in the introspective Nathaniel. The story of his love and marriage and the idyll of their life at the Manse in Concord is fragile and full of poetical passion. The queer group that tried to mingle transcendentalism and market-gardening on Brook Farm are etched with quiet humor and yet with such human friendliness that you love them while you laugh at them. And Concord becomes a real village where gods like Emerson and Thoreau took walks together and had their little visitations of jealousy and boredom. No study of the Concord group has ever made these gentlemen so real and human. Through it all runs the tragedy of Hawthorne, bred in the bone with the strange denying psychology of the Puritan, yet full always of suppressed emotions and wistful yearnings for the color and pageantry of life that never came until he finally won his place as consul at Liverpool, and there and later in Rome suddenly blossomed. He came then to some measure of financial security, his taste for wine and good cigars (of which none generally suspect the gentle Puritan of tradition) found decent release, and he seemed ripe for greater work. But when he returned to the dullness and restraint of the environment that had made him what he was, he seemed to suffer some inexplicable change, and faded to death with no explanation at all. The study leaves you dim-eyed at the tragedy that lies within the soul of men. But you are also refreshed at the glimpses of how genius loves, and how the follies and mysticism of New England work its Puritan wonders to perform.

Stouter and noisier are the five "trumpets of jubilee" that walk across Miss Rourke's stage. They are all creations of that bold reformist spirit that marked the middle fifty years of the 19th century in these United States. The new democracy that was surging through the continent and creating an empire seemed to need megaphones to proclaim its virtues and shout its achievements. Here are megaphones. Miss Rourke says:

> Words—the popular mind was intoxicated by words; speech might have provided liberation; sheer articulation apparently became a boon. A public which was not yet a civilization, which much less composed a society, might have been seeking a common legend or sign manual.

Certainly these five figures dealt in words: Lyman Beecher and Henry Ward, the preachers, Harriet Beecher Stowe, the novelist who helped make a war, Horace Greeley, incessantly pouring forth words, and often very picturesque words, in his Tribune, and Barnum, the first of the advertisers and persuaders of the mob to believe in miracles.

THEY had in them a kind of greatness of vision coupled often enough with an inadequacy of thought. Yet they spoke for their time, and the time heard. Miss Rourke gives solid three-dimensional portraits of these symbols. She is none too gentle with their pretense and their ultimate thinness, but she understands how they molded and also voiced their generation. Indeed, you will learn a lot about that mid-century wave, with its rhetoric, its magniloquence, and its sentimental culture, perhaps best typified in that East Indian monstrous palace Barnum built in Connecticut and called "Iranistan." This volume is not one of debunking, but of de-mything. These so-called giants are caught out of their official poses and stripped of the legends that have helped to make them great. Yet within them resided something of greatness, much of courage, and vast reservoirs of tumultuous energy and democratic faith in mere size that we find missing from our present quieter, but less exciting day. Certainly all these trumpets are joyful, singing praises unto the Lord. Reading of them is an adventure in understanding the generation whence we are descended and in the realization of how strange and

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diverse are the instruments by which an inchoate flood of people are directed upon their destiny.

LEON WHIPPLE

REVOLT IN THE DESERT, *by T. E. Lawrence. Doran. 335 pp. Price $3 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE FIELD GOD and IN ABRAHAM'S BOSOM, *by Paul Green. Robert M. McBride. 317 pp. Price $2 postpaid of The Survey.*
MARCO MILLIONS, *by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. 180 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE REBELLIOUS PURITAN: *Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne, by Lloyd Morris. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 369 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
TRUMPETS OF JUBILEE, *by Constance Mayfield Rourke. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 445 pp. Price $5 postpaid of The Survey.*
TRISTRAM, *by Edward Arlington Robinson. Macmillan. 210 pp. Price $1.75 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE PAMPHLET POETS: *Ralph Waldo Emerson, Emily Dickinson, Witter Bynner, Edna St. Vincent Millay, The New York Wits, and Four Negro Poets. Simon and Schuster. Price 25 cents each postpaid of The Survey.*

Entre Acte on Grand Street

THE soul of New York will be duller next year. The Neighborhood Playhouse Stage will be dark. The sponsors of this miracle in community art want a year off "to think things over." They deserve the year, but everyone who asks that the stage be a spiritual adventure will miss them. We pray this is only an *entre acte*. We cannot believe that "the rest is silence."

The Neighborhood Playhouse has been a success. Its managers have achieved their purpose. They have set a standard for sincerity and integrity in art that has uplifted the American stage. Starting as an adventure in play at a settlement house, the Neighborhood just grew and grew. Think of what these visionaries did in that tiny stage on Grand Street. They reunited the drama, dance, and music. They took a group of young people and made them into a responsive balanced company with a spirit never discovered in any other repertory theater in this country. They imported for our entertainment charming exotic things we would never have seen otherwise—the Burmese pwé, the Chinese pictorial allegory, the ancient *commedia dell 'arte*. They let us see the Color Organ, and made of Walt Whitman's Salut au Monde! a processional of rhythmic beauty. They were afraid of nothing. Who will forget the rollicking nonsense and pointed burlesque of the Grand Street Follies? Where has expressionism been given a fairer trial than in Pinwheel this year? Here was an international playhouse with its roots in a neighborhood, experimental but always sane, presenting the rare, but never the merely precious, and finally universal because it was based on the elementals of great drama: beauty, spiritual meaning, and joy in play.

But such gifts are costly. In mere money, these ten years or so have cost around half a million dollars; the annual deficit was over forty thousand dollars, in spite of the list of two thousand season subscribers. Grand Street is off the beaten track and so the Playhouse never drew its full audience—the people who wanted to come. Indeed, so small is that theater that even when sold out for long runs, it never brought in enough to pay expenses. But this is not the important point. Alice and Irene Lewisohn who have born the brunt of the deficits might be able to go ahead for another decade; others might be found willing to share in the endowment of the Playhouse: it is worth what it costs. Indeed, though I am scarcely a competent witness in such rarefied realms, not being acquainted with even the vulgarest fraction of a million dollars, I believe that the production of that spiritual mystery play, The Dybbuk, was alone worth half a million. Those who saw

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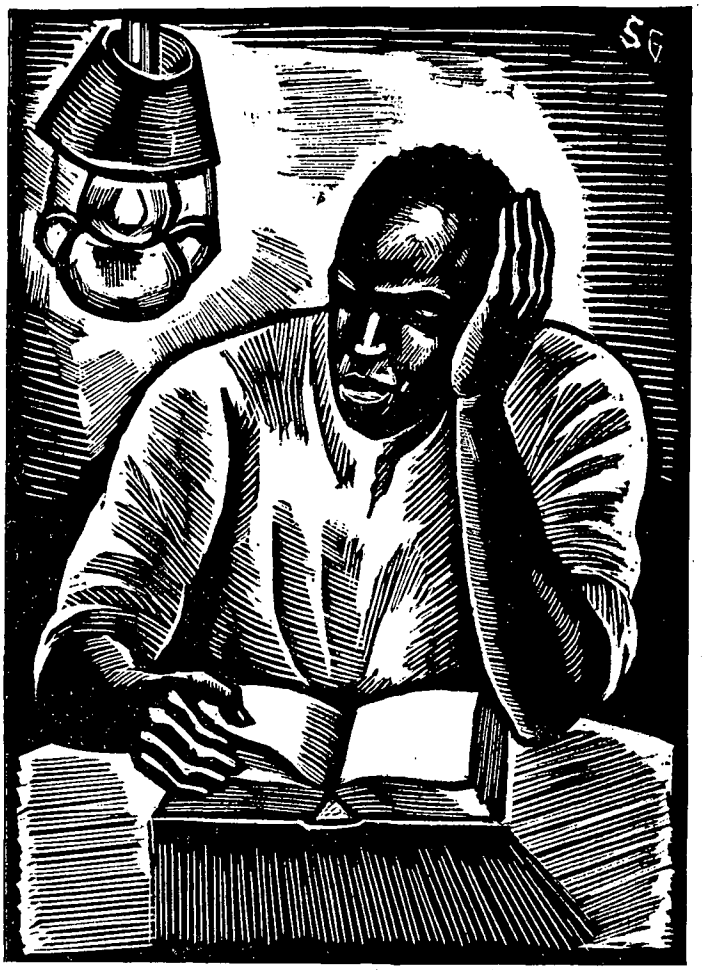

From the jacket of The Field God and In Abraham's Bosom, by Paul Green. Robert M. McBride & Co.

that bit of eternity made real will, I think, record it as their greatest experience in the modern theater.

No, the problem is not bread and butter, but how the Playhouse may grow without losing its soul. If the Playhouse moves uptown, it may win Broadway and miss the world. If it welcomes new guarantors of funds, these may crave success and set up as dictators of what shall be done. So I think the first axiom of this wise year of meditation should be that the present sponsors of the Playhouse shall continue to guide and inspire its future. They at least have proven their indifference to worldly fame and fortune. The players themselves might carry on as a company, but the actors expressed, they did not create, the Neighborhood spirit. The gathering of a great guild of subscribers will help, but only if the subscribers want what the Playhouse has to give. The sacrifices the Theatre Guild has made prove that in spite of good will success is a dangerous intoxicant. It may deaden the sense of what true success in art means.

It seems certain the Playhouse must have a new theater larger and more commodious . . . if for no other reason than to get better ventilation. I have often wondered whether the mystic submission of my soul to the Grand Street ensemble was not in reality the preliminary coma of asphyxiation. I vision a new house (on the model of a temple, and not of a hotel lobby) facing Washington Square. That is convenient to modern New York that most needs the Playhouse, and yet not far enough to tear up its real roots in the East Side. Its closeness to the people and its cosmopolitan character depend on that. Even as I write I wonder whether travelling down to Grand Street was not part of the Playhouse spell. Here was something of the freshness of going into foreign lands, and the evening aroused the mood of the pilgrim rather than that of the visiting butter-and-egg man. . . . Well, you see the nature of what this year of meditation faces?

The problem really is: does America want a theater with a soul? Can we provide the environment for an institution that combines intellect, sincerity, and esthetic culture with an open-minded quest for the new, the charming, and the historic? This year's intermission shows how keenly the directors of this venture realize the dangers of growth and success. They want the answer to be revealed, not manufactured. The challenge is not to them, but to us. To give up what the Neighborhood Playhouse stands for will mean a defeat to our whole culture. We are challenged to find in this material civilization a life-giving atmosphere in which such a delicate and precious gift may survive.

LEON WHIPPLE

THE WHITE ELEPHANT WINS

(*Continued from page* 382)

with a flourish. A bare-headed man dove through the crowd. "Oh, Judge Rayford, so glad you're here. Come in both of you."

As they were climbing the steps, the judge explained: "And Mr. White rescued me." Then, turning to Pop, "This is the mayor."

"Yup," said Pop, quite unperturbed, "knowed him by sight, named one of my triplets after him."

Laughing, the mayor paused in the hall, slapped Pop on the back. "So you're the father of those famous triplets! Happy to meet you and very grateful you got Judge Rayford here in time for the meeting. Come sit with us."

Dazedly Pop followed the two up the center aisle to the platform. The clock pointed to eleven minutes past eight. As the mayor and the judge took their seats the crowd cheered.

Pop glowed in reflected glory. Shyly he looked around at the people near him. There was Miss Allison a few feet away, smiling and nodding. Next her was Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper woman, then some people from Neighborhood House. The Red Cross lady who bossed things in a flood sat with the mayor. Pop felt very much at home.

Judge Rayford began to speak. He told how the city was going to build a wall to hold the river back if the state legislature would help and asked everybody to sign a petition lying on the table. That much Pop understood, but during most of the address he was picturing himself telling the old woman about his triumph: "And the mayor, he said to me, 'Come right along, White, you brung the jedge, you and that fine little car of your'n; you sit here on the platform.' "

Down in the audience he spied Ben and Evan who caught his eye and smiled proudly back. They weren't ashamed of him tonight, he guessed. Hadn't the mayor explained why the jedge was late and who'd fetched him? Over in one corner was a group of neighbors from the Flats, whispering together, pointing him out. He'd be holding a reception tomorrow at home, telling 'em all just how it happened. "It was my little car that done it—ain't she the bird, though?"

Suddenly his heart gave a sick thud. Tomorrow was the

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day he had to sell the Ford. How could he have forgotten?

After the meeting the audience filed up to the platform to sign the petition. The neighbors from the Flats shook Pop by the hand, and then Ben and Evan were there, beaming on him, saying how grand it was he fetched the jedge.

Susie and Emmy came, proud and happy, introducing their beaux from the Hilarity Club. "It's at the Neighborhood," explained Susie breathlessly. "Miss Allison got us in and we're going every Saturday night.

Tears filled the little man's eyes and he turned away to hide them. The charity lady stood beside him, waiting for a chance to speak. He put out his hand to her in silence.

"So the white elephant wins!" Miss Allison's handclasp was hearty. "Glad you brought Judge Rayford."

"He give me an order fer all the bluing I got on hand, that's two dozen bottles."

"Good! And say, I've got some news that's even better. Talked with Mr. Healy just now and he has a job for you."

Pop's jaw dropped. Miserably he looked at the floor.

"You haven't heard what he wants."

"Wh—what?"

"Be his salesman for this district."

"Travel?"

"In your own car! He'll pay you a fair salary and commission, besides the gasoline."

The white elephant's triumph was greater than he'd thought. Pop grinned, pumped Miss Allison's arm ecstatically.

"Say, I'll see him tomorrow! Now I got to drive home and tell the old woman."

"SEE YOUR DOCTOR"

(*Continued from page* 388)

advised having tonsils removed. I then consulted my own physician and he advised against having them removed. With such a difference in the medical mind, what is it advisable for a layman to do?"

Many correspondents go a step further in their criticism of the medical arrangements, and have definite remedies to offer for the situation. "Would it not be a good idea to issue certificates of fitness to doctors after a proper examination so your policyholders would be able to distinguish those fitted to doctor people? After a man has taken a state examination, he is a doctor forever, even if he is fifty years behind the times. If the bung is out what good does it do to save the dripping faucet? If the doctors are incompetent or the treatment doctors use is wrong, what good is precaution on the part of the general public?"

Another writes: "Why should not doctors and dentists be required to report periodically the number of cases of each kind taken and the results of treatment, or to use some other method of publicity that would give one an opportunity to check them up?"

Judging from these and other communications, a portion of the public is medically upset. This does not include only those who have established affiliations with pseudo-religious or other anti-medical cults. In does not include only those who are too ignorant or stupid to know the difference between a supposedly well-qualified physician and a so-called "doctor" of chiropractic. It does include those who recognize that still in the practice of medicine today there is a great deal that is chaotic, unintelligent, and irresponsible. This situation does a great deal of harm not only to the medical profession, but to the public. While this is a consideration somewhat aside from our main question, where we are concerned with the provision of direct and localized medical guidance, yet it has an indirect bearing upon the solution of the problem. Health education, such as in health examinations for instance, is making the public more and more aware of its needs for preventive and therapeutic medical and health service. Going out to look for this type of service, the public is choosing, among numerous channels, some which are roundabout courses or blind alleys.

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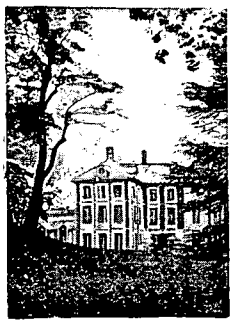

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However, it is on the hunt for the medical profession, and evidently it is going to find out. Is it going to find it lacking? Health education is not going to stop. More and more, people are going to realize the importance of sound medical guidance. More and more they are going to know what that means. Also, gradually they are going to find out the short cuts to that knowledge and guidance. Will the doctors be prepared to give the service demanded?

We have said that present methods through which the public is seeking medical guidance are in large part wasteful and ineffective; that the channels are roundabout and that in particular, the volume of national correspondence that is carried on is futile. This futility arises out of two quite different factors inherent in the situation and method.

IN the first place, personal medical service is not a national problem. It is a local and intimate personal question. This service somehow or other must be directly supplied. Names of physicians cannot be suggested from a national center except under very unusual circumstances. It should be remembered that these people want information about where to find and how to select a doctor, about how to get a competent specialist, about where to get a health examination. Sometimes they want to know about clinic services, but more frequently they want to go to a doctor and pay for the service desired. They want to know where and how they can get and pay for diphtheria immunization, and whether or not their doctor is right in telling them that scarlet fever toxin is or is not a good thing. Sometimes they think they want one thing, and actually very much need something entirely different. Of course, they may have lost confidence in routine medical procedures, and ordinary medical men; but more likely they are new to the community, know no doctors, do not know how to find one, have reasonable confidence in regular medical practitioners but are not sure that they can avoid fraud and chicanery in making their own medical selection. Furthermore, if the service is to be real, anything more than a gesture—it must provide when necessary not only a system for answering mail inquiries, but also a center where direct personal advice through conference may be facilitated.

Obviously this needs local handling. This advice must be given by local responsible and reliable sources. Whose job is it? The Health Department's? County Medical Society? A local voluntary health organization that might establish a clearing house of this type? Of course, as responsible pay clinic services or labor and industrial workers' clinics develop, the need for judgment on the part of the individual in selecting medical service will be decreased. But how far will or should pay clinical services be developed? There is one certainty, and that is that they are likely to develop quite rapidly, and perhaps much more rapidly than the medical profession would welcome unless that profession, or some of its allies, devise machinery for guiding individuals into safe channels of private medical service.

It is really a problem involving, not necessarily the "socialization" or state control of medicine, but a greater social use of medical facilities. Medical organization is faced with three possibilities, a choice accentuated by the public demand for guidance:

1. State control, with a more or less compulsory degree of public service in this field.
2. Semi-public provision through salaried medical service by means of semi-public pay or free clinic facilities.
3. The incorporation of health and medical guidance into the routine practice of medicine, under the auspices of private medical organizations. This latter possibility seems to offer the greatest potential advantage at the present time.

IF we are to develop these possibilities, every community of any size should have under local medical auspices, a recognized and advertised medical information bureau to which individuals may turn with a feeling of confidence for information with reference to health and hygienic practices, for impartial, unprejudiced, and financially disinterested advice on medical treatment, for suggestions with reference to health examination procedure, for guidance as to clinic service, and for protection against fraud and deceit in quack medical methods. To some extent local health centers, clinics, dispensaries, hospitals, and pay clinics are attempting to meet this situation. A few county medical societies have made

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a beginning in this field, such as those in Brooklyn, Toledo, and possibly other centers, but judging from the volume and type of correspondence analyzed above, the facilities are by no means adequate nor are they widely known and accepted.

Now, in addition to the lack of local responsible medical provision, the other big factor which interferes with the effective operation of such an information service at the present time, is that the doctors are not yet prepared to meet the demand along these lines. Take simply the field of health examinations. Here it is fairly evident that the popular propaganda has gotten considerably ahead of medical interest or provision for this type of service. It is also evident that there is a growing public interest in some method of post-graduate medical instruction and standardization and continuous technical control. Health and medical authorities are of course by no means unaware of this situation, and to a degree, measures are being taken to meet it. Organized efforts by county and state medical societies for the promotion of the health examination work in medical channels, for the extension of post-graduate instruction through medical societies, may be effective ultimately in meeting the professional need and in allaying the lay unrest, but the magnitude and the seriousness of the problem should be recognized, and the organized efforts in this direction should certainly be accelerated. Much can be and is being done by Health Departments and by local and state medical organizations in this field. Much more can be done in supplementing these efforts by aggressive procedures on the part of organized medical machinery on a national scale. Aggressive American Medical Association leadership is needed.

IF the public in general had been educated to expect health advice from the physician and if the individual physician had been trained to a greater degree than is the case at present, to give hygienic instruction and to answer intelligent inquiries from his patients with reference to the hygiene of living and to specific treatment procedures, a large part of the total volume of correspondence that now comes in to national agencies of one kind or another would have been eliminated.

More concrete efforts are needed to encourage competency on the part of the medical profession, and public confidence in its proficiency. The incorporation of more preventive medicine in medical school curricula, post-graduate educational measures, medical extension courses, definite controlling legislative procedures—all such steps need wider application. It is particularly important to encourage the doctor to meet the growing demand for personal hygienic advice, for health examination service, and for his full participation in the private practice of preventive medicine. This medical educational work is an obligation which rests primarily upon medical schools, medical societies, and similar professional organizations.

The public is willing to accept and indeed actively desires:

1. Protection from quackery and fraud.
2. Direction to safe and helpful medical and health services and facilities.

The problem in its simplest terms is a three-fold one:

1. To get the doctors ready to teach personal hygiene and practice private preventive medicine.
2. To get the public more fully aware of its needs in this field and of the competency and willingness of orthodox medicine to meet these needs about which it is already conscious.
3. To establish the local machinery which will purposefully and usefully associate service and need.

In brief, it is necessary to find the short cut to medical guidance, to establish the local circuit, and to connect up physician and patient in a competent and justifiably trustful relationship.

It is true as stated previously, that Health Departments, some voluntary health agencies, and certain medical societies have made attempts to develop a local information service. But something more than general sanitary or hygienic information is needed. If there were in all of our larger centers of population at least, Medical Guidance Bureaus under competent and reliable auspices, then certainly, most national agencies would be glad to take advantage of such local centers in referring inquiries to them. After all, such a service is fundamental in disseminating facts with reference to disease prevention and treatment, and in preserving an attitude of confidence in competent medical guidance. Much of our medi-

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There is a long grade ahead in social work. But the engine is in good condition and the crew is well trained. There is plenty of fuel, if we have brains enough to use it. Here it is, on these pages—tested fuel for social progress. Each of the organizations listed here is helping in the long climb.

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"SEE YOUR DOCTOR"

(*Continued from page* 395)

cal service may be poor, but it is the best we have at present. Private medical practice is deep-rooted in our social scheme. Certainly, by increasing the demand for competent medical service, and by simplifying and clarifying the public's method of access to this service, we are bringing into play influences that would ultimately force an improvement in the service rendered.

We have for dissemination certain facts about disease prevention, and we have for the treatment of disease certain technical procedures for application to individual problems. We are faced with the problem of devising a more satisfactory and effective method for the distribution of this knowledge and for the bringing to bear upon individual health and disease problems the best available technical knowledge and skill. These are fundamental community necessities, and the evidence seems to indicate that the problem on the whole is a local one.

A bureau for the dissemination of information and service along these lines would meet an immediate and pressing need. Certainly such a service is a legitimate obligation of the medical profession, whose members would be, after all, among the chief practical beneficiaries. One of its primary objects would be to educate people in sound medical methods, arrange for them to go to competent physicians, and pay for service when they can afford it, and to see that they do not fall into the hands of quacks and frauds. Such a service, possibly in cooperation with the health department, should be administered by a staff competent to evaluate medical questions. In order that wise medical choice might be possible, the medical society would have to authorize lists of physicians that could be used with applicants on a functional and geographic basis. The same would apply to lists of specialists. Such lists would facilitate an answer to many inquiries, though of course, many others need a more searching scrutiny and more personal, less mechanical attention. Incidentally, if such a bureau were developed in association with a health examination service on a pay basis, its opportunities for medical guidance and for treatment reference would be materially enhanced. Finally, to reiterate, such a service would undoubtedly have a very advantageous educational effect upon the medical profession itself, increasing the necessity for its participation in the private practice of preventive medicine.

It is a community problem, to be met specifically through the combined initiative and cooperative effort of health administrators and medical leaders, in local communities everywhere.

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WANTED: Male Assistant Superintendent from vicinity Philadelphia, parental home for fifty truant boys, write Jas. C. Lafferty, 121 Chestnut Street, Phila., stating previous experience and references.

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WANTED: Trained Superintendent by Young Women's Hebrew Association of New Orleans. State qualifications, salary expected and when available. Address Mrs. Julius Goldman, Chairman Advisory Committee, 1525 Joseph St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

WANTED, at the Children's Village, Dobbs Ferry on Hudson, N. Y., a cottage couple, middle aged and competent, who are fond of children, and capable of firm but kindly control; man experienced as carpenter, or blacksmith preferred. Apply to Leon C. Faulkner, Managing Director.

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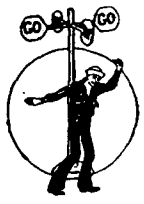

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